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Poetry.

WHEN.

If I were told that I must die to-morrow;
That the next sun
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow
For any one,
All the fight fought, all the short journey through,
What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on
Doing my work, nor change, nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone;
But rise, and move, and love, and smile, and pray
For one more day.

And, lying down at night for a last sleeping,
Say in that ear,
Which harkens ever, "Lord, within thy keeping
How should I fear?
And when to-morrow brings Thee nearer still,
Do Thou Thy will!"

I might not sleep for awe, but peaceful, tender,
My soul would lie
All the night long; and when the morning splendor
Flushed o'er the sky,
I think that I could smile—could calmly say,
"It is His day."

But if a wondrous hand, from the blue yonder,
Held out the scroll
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder
Beheld, unrolled
To a long century's end its mystic dew,
What should I do?
What should I do?

What could I do, oh! blessed guide and master,
Other than this:
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
Nor fear to miss
The road, although so very long it be
While led by Thee?

Step after step, feeling Thee close behind me,
Although unseen;
Through thorns, through flowers, whether the tempest hide Thee,
Or heavens serene,
Assured thy faithfulness cannot betray,
Thy love decay.

I may not know, my God, no hand revealeth
Thy counsels wise;
Along the path a deepening shadow stealeth,
No voice replies
To all my questioning thought the time to tell,
And it is well.

Let us keep on, abiding and unfearing
Thy will always,
Through a long century's ripening fruition,
Or a short day's;
Thou canst not come too soon; and I can wait
If Thou come late.
SUSAN COOLIDGE.

IN THE OLD COUNTRY CHURCH.

Is it a dream? Am I once more a child?
In this old church I worshipped long ago!
Again I feel the strange, delightful glow
That filled my young heart with a radiance mild,
While from the organ loft the tones, beguiled
By skillful hands, harmoniously flow,
Now swelling high, now welling faint and low,
As the harsh discords all were reconciled!

Outside, the graceful elm-boughs softly sway;
Through the open windows breathes the summer breeze;
And in the hush before the people pray
I hear the murmur of a myriad bees.
Is it a dream? Am I a child to-day?
It verily seems so; as I bow my knees!

Ah! golden hours of childhood gone forever!
My brown-eyed, quiet little maiden there
Who feels but knows not what is meant by prayer—
The time must come when she too will endeavor
Her weary heart from sad days to sever,
To lift the burden of a present care;
Then will she to the Father's house repair
To find sure comfort. May it fail her never!

The summer breeze will sweep the cloudless sky;
The yellow bees will hum among the elms;
The mellow organ-tones will swell and sigh;
The priest will speak his words of counsel sweet
To guide the wandering soul to heavenly realms:
And thus each age its marvels doth repeat!
Nathan Haskell Dole.

Miscellany.

THE OLDEST INDUSTRY.

The Manufacture of Gun Flints Still Going on in England.

The oldest industry in Great Britain—older it could hardly be, for its existence has been traced back to the pre-historic stone age—is still being carried on at the village of Brandon, on the borders of Norfolk and Suffolk, and is reported to be in a flourishing condition. It is a manufactory of gun and tinder-box flints. The work is done in little sheds, often at the back of townsfolks' cottages. It will naturally be asked, Who wants tinder-box flints and gun flints in these days of phosphorous matches and Martini-Henrys? The answer to the first question is that there is a good trade in tinder-box flints with Spain and Italy, where the tinder-box still keeps its ground in very rural districts. Travelers in uncivilized regions, moreover, find flint and steel more trustworthy than matches, which are useless after they have absorbed moisture. Gun flints, on the other hand, go mostly to the wild parts of Africa, where our old friend "Brown Bess," sold by auction long ago for what flint muskets would fetch, has found, it seems, her last refuge.—London Daily News.

WOLVES NEARLY ALL GONE.

Extinction of the Buffalo the Beginning of the End.

Notwithstanding the fact that ever since the settlement of America the wolf has been pursued with guns, traps and poison, it is certain that no blow was ever dealt this race so severe as the extinction of the buffalo. Their natural prey gone, the wolves turned their attention to the herds of the stockmen, and for years now their depredations have resulted in very serious losses to raisers of horses and cattle on the Northern plains. They do not attack the herds when they are alarmed and closely bunched together, but prowl about their outskirts, trying to cut off the young stock, which they can easily pull down.

Sometimes a small band of wolves will round-up a little bunch of cattle, which stand in a close circle, their heads outward, prepared for an attack. After circling about them for a short time, two or three of the wolves will dash at the bunch, and if they can scatter the bunch, it is the work of an instant only to pull down a yearling or to kill two or three calves. We have seen two wolves thus destroy a yearling steer with no greater apparent effort than a setter dog would use in killing a cat.

How Is This Explained?

A very curious number is 142,857, which, multiplied by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6, gives the same figures in the same order, beginning at a different point; but if multiplied by 7 it gives all nines. Multiplied by 2 it equals 285,714; by 3, 428,571; by 4, 571,428; by 5, 714,825; by 6, 857,142; and, as I have said, by 7, 999,999. Again, if you multiply 142,857 by 8 you have 1,142,856, and by adding the first figure to the last you get the original number, 142,857.—Leeds (England) Mercury.

Immunities of the Seaside.

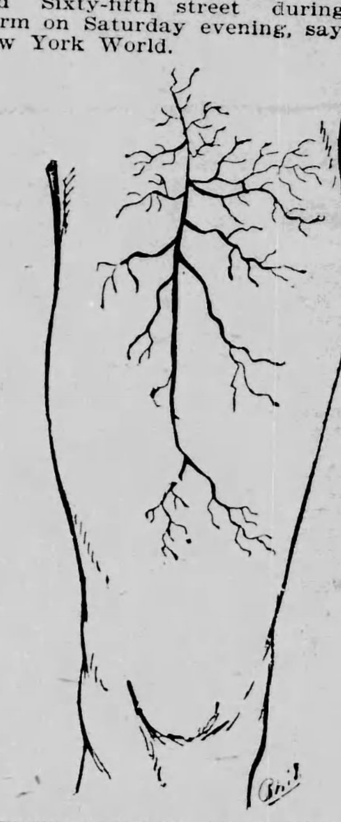
Jill—Come here under the umbrella, Jack; it's begun to rain, and you'll catch cold, and mamma'll be vexed.

Jack—Pooh! As if salt water ever gave a cold!—Boston Budget.

LIGHTNING'S STRANGE WORK.

How It Marked the Body of a Victim.

It was not the idle curiosity alone which yesterday impelled so many people to visit the little zinc-covered house which overhangs the water's edge at the foot of East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, known as the Harlem Morgue. Many medical students and physicians went there to see how strangely lightning had marked the body of Martin Campbell, the young Brooklynite who was killed by the electric fluid while crouching under a rock on West One Hundred and Sixty-fifth street during the storm on Saturday evening, says the New York World.



LIGHTNING MARKS ON CAMPBELL'S THIGH.

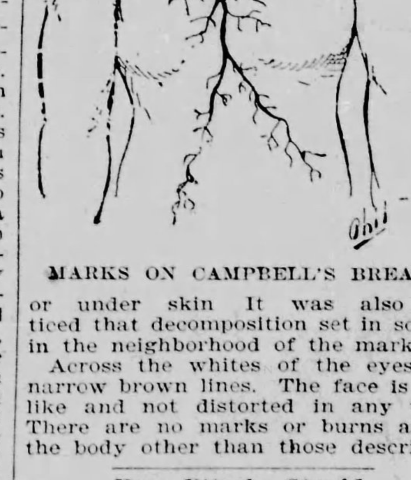
Drs. Oppenheimer and Cahill, of the medical staff of the Harlem Hospital, constituted themselves masters of ceremonies, and the cover of the long wooden box which contained Campbell's body was lifted and replaced scores of times. The medical men seemed to feel that the place and the occasion did not permit them to talk freely, but they examined the body closely, held whispered conversations and uttered exclamations of surprise.

The cause of the exlamations was the peculiar marks made by the lightning on Campbell's breast, right hip and thigh. The marks start from a point on the spinal column at the back of the neck, and with remarkable divarications branch downward in a labyrinth of scarlet and pink lines, like the branches of a dead tree or the course of a great river as it appears on a large map. The neck is encircled by a thin crimson cord, varying in thickness from a hair's-breadth to an eigth of an inch, and is itself ornamented by a sort of chevaux-de-frise and made to look like a crown of thorns, as if the electric fluid had woven a noose round the victim's neck as a preliminary, and then set to work to ornament the body fantastically.

The lower end of the noose is the pont of departure for a long thick crimson line and a net work of branching veins proceeding down the median line, and separating into still smaller branches, two of which terminate as low down as the seventh rib. Each of the branches is lined with delicate veins. They are of a pinkish hue, deepening in the broader parts into a vivid red.

The marks on the hip and thigh are very similar in design to those on the chest and display the same fantastic irregularity. They extend from a point three inches above the crest of the ileum and proceed to the middle of the thigh. One branch entends forward to the groin and subdivides. These tracings are also of the same hue.

The opinion at first arrived at was that these were simply veins which were brought to the surface by the action of the magnetic shock. This conclusion was wrong. The tracings were found to be entirely superficial, not penetrating through the outer



MARKS ON CAMPBELL'S BREAST.

or under skin It was also noticed that decomposition set in sooner in the neighborhood of the marks.

Across the whites of the eyes are narrow brown lines. The face is lifelike and not distorted in any way. There are no marks or burns about the body other than those described.

How Utterly Stupid.

A gentleman and a lady (such they appeared) met another gentleman on the Mall at the Park. The second genteman proved a person so stupid he ought to be speedily locked up in an idiot asylum—he's likely to rock the foundations of society.

What did he do?

Why, when the gentleman with the lady said, "Tom, old boy, let me introduce you to my wife," he gasped and looked from one to the other, and then said:

"Why, this—this isn't the one you introduced me to last week," and the bystanders and bysitters heard him and tittered, and the gentleman with the lady grasped her by the arm and passed hurriedly on.

End of act first; the public won't be present at act second, but it may have the benefit of act fifth—in the divorce courts.—New York Recorder.

Uncle Sam's Domain.

Exclusive of lakes and rivers and bayous, and leaving out Alaska, the superficial areas of the United States aggregate about 1,860,000,000 acres. Of these about 1,000,000,000 acres are within the region of well-distributed rainfall. The remainder is arid plain or mountain.—New York Sun.

Queen Victoria's Generosity.

Queen Victoria contributed $500 for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the brave men lost on the Victoria. She has an income of about $2,000,000 a year and could afford such a magnificent donation without feeling pinched.—Springfield Union.

His Bright Side of Life.

Candidate for Coroner—Never mind, wife; when I get elected my fees will buy all the comforts of life.

Wife—But, John, suppose there are no sudden deaths?

Candidate for Coroner—Oh, well, we wont look on the dark side.—Texas Siftings.

Knew It All.

Merchant (to applicant)—"Do you think you know enough to assist me in the office?

Boy—"Know enough! Why, I left my last place because the boss said I knew more than he did."—Society Journal.

Might Owe Them Bills.

Baggs (airily)—"I don't take any stock in these doctors."

Waggs—"That is no paid-up stock, I suppose?"—Exchange.

FRANK JAMES IN KENTUCKY.

Where the Bandit Lived Before His Surrender.

Among a certain class of citizens in this part of Kentucky it is no secret that Frank James was near here at that time. Ten miles below Russellville, on the banks of the Red river, resides Judge Walter Hight, an uncle by marriage of the James boys. The old gentleman is one of the most highly respected men in the state. His son, Wood Hight, was connected with Frank and Jesse James in some of the work of the gang in Missouri, and was killed several years ago in that state while holding up a train with others of the gang, says the Russellville, Ky., dispatch to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

During the time negotiations were being conducted for the surrender of Frank James he was quietly residing in the vicinity of the Hight homestead. The James boys had many friends in this vicinity who were associated with them during the war. To these Frank's residence here was no secret. The James boys spent considerable time in Southern Kentucky immediately after the war, and used the information thus gained about the surrounding country some years later in their successful robbery of the Russellville bank.

It was the spring of 1872 that the James boys concluded to try their hand at bank robbing in Kentucky. The private bank of Nimrod Long was selected as the most likely. This was because of the fact that it was situated at the extreme of the business portion of the city, making the escape of the bandits to the surrounding hills an easy matter. Then, too, Mr. Long was a very wealthy man, and was supposed to carry in his vaults large sums of gold. These facts were well known to the James gang.

Five of the members of the gang arrived at the corner where the bank was located at noon. They had approached the city by different roads to avoid suspicion. All were superbly mounted and heavily armed, but their revolvers were concealed beneath their coats. No rifles were carried, as they depended upon their fleet horses to carry them out of harm's way and render a fight on their part unnecessary. While three members of the band remained on their horses in front of the bank the other two rushed into the building with drawn revolvers. Mr. Long and his cashier were behind the counter, and were immediately covered and told to hand out the cash.

Several thousand dollars in bills were lying on the counter and the cashier hastily passed his through the window to the robbers. But they were not satisfied and wanted more. They were told that the balance of the cash was in the vault. One of the bandits ordered Mr. Long to open the wire door and admit him to the interior of the bank that he might make a search for more money. He accompanied the order with an oath and thrust a heavy pistol within an inch of the banker's head. Remembering the quantity of treasure stored in the vault and fearing that the robbers would secure all of it, Mr. Long determined to make an effort to escape and arouse his neighbors. He made a dash for a rear window and at the same instant the bandit fired. The heavy ball struck the banker squarely between the eyes, but instead of penetrating the skull, glanced harmlessly off. As the banker dropped to the floor the street began to swarm with citizens. The average Kentuckian could sport a gun in those days if nothing more, and every man who appeared on the scene was prepared for desperate fighting in an instant. The bandits in the street called to their companions in the bank that the situation was growing interesting, and they rushed out with what funds they had secured at first. They cleared the streets with their revolvers and reached the hills in a few minutes.

A posse that followed the trail an hour later found where the bandits had stopped long enough to divide the proceeds of the raid and then separated. Each robber was pursued for weeks, and one man believed to be implicated in the affair captured near Lexington, but the evidence was too meagre to secure a conviction. But the resistance was so determined in this case that the James gang never made a similar attempt in the state of Kentucky.

HERE'S A BIT OF FUN.

Out of Place.—"Of course, you have somebody to clean the boots and knives, and somebody to do the kitchen, and—"

"Oh, of course, and I send the beas out to be made. I wanted somebody only to be looked at—but you won't do. Good morning."—Judy.

A good many older persons who have been in difficult positions and have felt that the world was really very hard, can sympathize with little Flo Sanborn, of whom an exchange writes:

She had been censured by her mother for some small mischief which she had been engaged in. She sat thinking it over for some time, and finally said in an utterly discouraged tone:

"Everything I do is laid to me."—Youth's Companion.

A newly arrived Hibernian servant who had been warned against admitting strangers to the house, collared a gas inspector and shouted to her mistress:

"I've got wan av thim thaves, mum, comin' in wid his dark lantern in broad daylight!"

The frightened official was released, but the master of the house, when informed of the incident, drily remarked that Bridget was not so far off in her suspicions after all.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Stranger.—"I should like to view the interior of this church."

Guide.—"Then I will wait here till you come out again. Something happened to me there three years ago that has left a painful impression on my mind."

Stranger.—"Ah, then, I won't hurt your feelings. But what is it? Do you mind telling me?"

Guide.—"Not at all. The fact is, I was married in this very church three years ago."—Humoristische Blatter.

Withering Irony.

A young woman of this city whose quick wit is responsible for the loss of a number of friends has just seen another retire from the list.

The young man was in a philosophical mood and remarked:

"Self-study is a bad thing."

"I shouldn't be surprised," she responded flippantly.

"Now, I am sure that if I were to devote time to thinking about myself I should become very narrow-minded."

"Oh, yes; you'd probably have to in order to grasp the subject."

And for the time he really felt as small as she had pictured him.—Washington Star.

A Literal Belief.

Ten Broke—I wish I hadn't married such an orthodox woman.

Askit—Does your wife make you go to church?

Ten Broke—No; but she holds to the Biblical theory of the creation. Seems to think I'm made of "dust."—Puck.

Ought Not to Kick.

"By Jove," said Lighter, as he stepped off the scales, "I've lost five pounds!"

"You oughtn't to kick about that," remarked Brightside; "suppose you had been an Englishman."—Life.

Not Sinful.

Deacon Jones—"Do you think it sinful to marry for money?"

Parson Tium—"It never occurred to me so; on the contrary, sometimes I have thought the fee was too small."—Boston Transcript.

A Question of Patience.

"I've been sitting quietly on this fence just twenty-two minutes by the watch," he said, "watching that cat crouching by that rat-hole and she hasn't so much as moved an ear, for I've kept my eye on her steady. What a fool a cat is!"

He Protested Too Much.

Jack Ascot—"Just one kiss—I'll not ask for another!"

Mamie Mascot—"Oh, I'll not let you spoil your future in that fashion—ask some other way!"—Puck.

BIG GUNS COMING TO THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The Maharajah of Johore and the Gaikwar of Baroda—Description of the Countries They Are From.

Chicago, July 15.—This town will have abundant opportunity to keep its hand in at entertaining royalty this year, and the vistors will by no means be confined to the Caucasian race. Three of the mighty potentates of the Orient are already in sight, and with the abundance of maharajas, rajahs, ameers and what not in which that section of the earth abounds there is no telling how many more will come before the Fair is over.

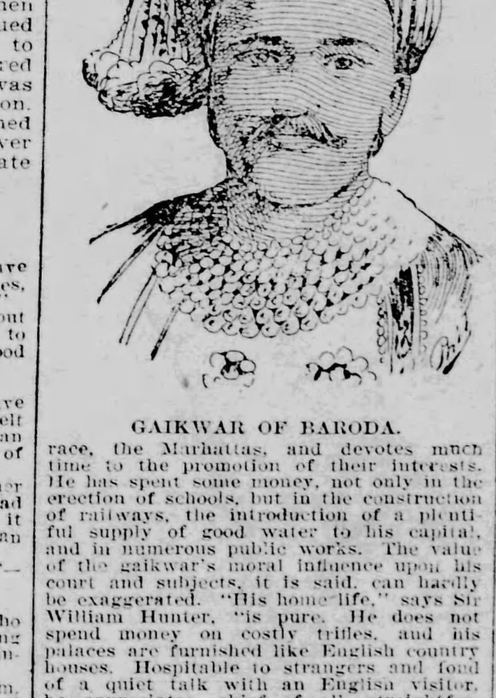
Even before the Fair was opened it was announced that the maharajah of Johore would grace the great show with his presence and his numerous diamonds. His highness owns half the city of Singapore, and his ancestors formerly owned the whole of it. He also owns the Ellenborough plate, said to be the most famous service of plate in existence. This was sold at auction in Scotland some years ago. His highness bought it and added it to the treasures of the family sideboard. All of this plate is of solid gold, and each piece bears the arms of Johore. The gold center-piece is so big that it takes four men to lift it.

Johore has about 20,000 square miles of territory and it is situated at the Southern end of the Malay Peninsula. On the northwest it is bounded by the Moar river and the Indu on the northeast. The country is covered for the most part by virgin forests, which have not been fully explored. The United States consul at Singapore, who, by special invitation, witnessed the recent proclamation of Prince Ebrahim, the eldest son of the maharajah, describes his highness as one who would be considered a splendid specimen of manhood anywhere. He stands five feet eight inches high, is well built,

MAHARAJAH OF JOHORE IN EVENING DRESS.

square-shouldered, and has clean-cut features, well chiseled head and iron-gray hair and mustache. He is 65 years of age and a widower. By the recent death of his wife he inherited $20,000,000. He is one of the best billiard players in the East, and has had some handsome billiard tables made for his palace at Johore. The sultan has taken a lively interest in the World's Fair. He is now seeing the sights of the world, and will take in Chicago in his trip around the globe.

Another ruler of the far east who has just signified his intention of paying the new world a visit is the gaikwar of Baroda. His highness is premier Hindoo prince of India, and is one of the most enlightened of the native potentates. His aim, according to Sir William Hunter, is not to have a show capital, with fine palaces, hospitals, colleges and public gardens, but to have his districts well administered and to spread education among his people. His highness exercises considerable care in the selection of men to assist him in the government of his territory, and he recruits from the best of the native officials in the Bombay presidency. He has strong sympathies with his own



GAIKWAR OF BARODA.

race, the Marhattas, and devotes much time to the promotion of their interests. He has spent some money, not only in the erection of schools, but in the construction of railways, the introduction of a plentiful supply of good water to his capital, and in numerous public works. The value of the gaikwar's moral influence upon his court and subjects, it is said, can hardly be exaggerated. "His home life," says Sir William Hunter, "is pure. He does not spend money on costly trifles, and his palaces are furnished like English country houses. Hospitable to strangers and fond of a quiet talk with an English visitor, he appreciates, chief of all, straightforwardness and candor among those by whom he is surrounded. His subjects are proud of him, and the more his highness resides among his people the more they grow to understand and like him."

A third representative of Oriental royalty is now coming this way from the West. He arrived in San Francisco the other day and is known as the Nawab of Rampur. He is only 17 years old, and his present trip around the world is intended to put the finishing touches on his education. Five years ago his father and mother died and he became a ward of the English government. He has learned to play cricket and take tiffin like the average English young man. In another he will be of age and come into full control of his dominions, subject to the general protecting care which Great Britain exercises over the native rulers in sections of the earth where she has control.

HUMORS OF THE FAIR.

You never can fully understand what a "round" trip means till you take the Ferris wheel.—Chicago Mail.

The big wheel in the Midway Plaisance has made it possible for the most humble to move in the higher circles.—Chicago Tribune.

In the matter of costume it is said that the residents of the Dahomey village outstrip all competitors.—Chicago Post.

Knew Him Well.

Picking Up Book—What do you think of King Lear, may I ask?

Miss Plaisance—Oh real well. Father was one of the reception committee that went to the train to meet him.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Valuable Idea.

Gorman—Why have you got all these pigeon holes in your trunk?

Drummer—I'm going to take it to Chicago and run it as a hotel.—Browning's Monthly.

Could be Dispensed With.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"To the World's Fair, kind sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"I'll see plenty of freaks on the plaisance," she said.
—Chicago Record.

A Slave to Fashion.

Mr. Casey—"Phat the divil are yez doin,' Mrs. Casey, wid me umbrell'?"

Mrs. Casey—"Sure, Mike, I'm getting the frame ready for me crinoline dress. I want to be in shtyle wid the rist av thim."—Truth.

More Like It.

Mrs. Toots—"Aren't you ashamed to come home in the condition you did last night, when I had callers, too?"

Toots—"I was as sober as an owl, madam."

Mrs. Toots—"As a boiled owl, you mean."—Truth.

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THE EMIGRANT SHIP

By W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "LIST, YE LANDSMEN!" "THE ROMANCE OF A TRANSPORT," "THE WRECK OF THE 'GROSVENOR,'" "AN OCEAN TRAGEDY," "THE FROZEN PIRATE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

CAPTAIN CADMAN.

It fell out thus: I was on a visit in the last named city to my old friend the sea captain whom I had read with. He rented a small comfortable house near the docks. I had come from Blathford in the morning intending to make further inquiries after a ship, and had looked in on Captain Bradford for a yarn and a pipe, meaning to kill no more than an hour. He asked me to stop and take a cut of boiled beef with him and his niece. While I hesitated, questioning the wisdom of letting slip good time by eating boiled beef with the skipper till perhaps it should be 2 o'clock in the afternoon, we heard a knocking on the door, and Bradford's niece, looking in, said: "Uncle, can you see Captain Cadman?"

"Oh, yes," says Bradford. "Walk in, skipper!" he called out, and Captain Cadman, who stood in the passage, stepped into the little parlor.

He was a tall man with reddish hair and a reddish dye of skin that was yet not sunburn; his eyes were small, his nose long and pointed, his beard trimmed so as to correspond with the run of his nose—that is, it stood out like a fan, the handle at you; at the full his elongated physiognomy shaped itself into a wedge of a face. In fact then he had the look of a goat, all the meaning of him in his eyes. His legs were extraordinarily long, his feet immense; he wore square-toed shoes, and his knees were defined sharp as the joint of a pair of compasses through his thin cloth trousers. His body was wrapped up in a somewhat rusty monkey jacket. He threw a large black soft hat upon the couch, and shook hands with Captain Bradford.

I supposed he had looked in on some private matter and got up to go.

"Don't leave on my account, sir," said he in a high-pitched, not strong, but rather greasy voice. "Bradford, I hope I don't disturb you?"

"Sit down—there's no disturbance," replied the other.

"I want your opinion. Here's Flaxman's account. I'm not going to let Mr. Fletcher be swindled. Now if this ain't a swindle—"

He pulled a folded paper from his side pocket and opened it into a long sheet full of writing and figures.

"Mark the total. One eighty-eight—thirteen—one. Where do the one come in? In one penn'orth of rope yarn, is it?" Here he laughed, and the noise was more like the slopping of a cook's bucket of slush drained over the side than any imaginable explosion of human merriment. "Run an eye over the items," he continued. "What was the valley of a t'gallant jewel block in your time? And h'ant fids jumped since you was born if Flaxman don't tell lies, which he's incapable of anything else? I'd fit out a fifty-gun frigate for—I was agoing to say—almost half the money, and chuck in three suits of canvas for t'other half."

"Let me read—let me read!" grumbled Captain Bradford, putting on his spectacles.

After a minute or two of silence, during which Captain Cadman eyed me all over, finally settling his eyes upon my face with a critical, screwed-up, half-insinuating, half-interrogating expression in them, he said:

"A sailor, sir?"

"Yes."

"Pretty fresh ashore?"

"Since August."

"A long spell!" he exclaimed, looking me over again. "Took sick, perhaps?"

"Never had a day's illness since I landed."

"'Long to Bristol?"

"No."

"What was your last ship, sir?"

"The Wanderer."

"D'ye mean old Back's bark?"

I nodded.

"I'm in command of the little Hebe that belonged to old Back," said he.

"I know the vessel well. Getting on in years, though, ain't she, captain?"

"Oh!" he exclaimed, with his mirthless, sloppy laugh, "don't ever mention the years of a ship or a woman. Neither gets old. Both can keep all on repairing, yer know."

All this while old Bradford was diligently reading the rigger's account, his square white eyebrows knitted into a frown of deep interest over his magnified eyes.

"You was away, I reckon," continued Captain Cadman, "when old Back gasped his last? His vessels was put up and Mr. Fletcher bought the Hebe."

"How much?"

"'Twixt you and me and the pump, sir, for as much as she's worth. After she was docked—oh, my precious eyes!" He raised his hands and groaned. "That," he continued, pointing to the document in Bradford's hands, "is just a muskeety bite compared to the great snake sting of the whole boiling. New sheathing, new starnpost, new wheel, twenty foot of new keel amidships, new main topmast——"

"Cadman," here said Captain Bradford, putting the rigger's bill down upon the table. "D'ye know, I don't think this so very unreasonable. Why! I see he's put in a complete set of lower fore shrouds," and here he named several items of ship's furniture.

Captain Cadman slowly shook his head.

"Knock off thirty per cent. and robbery's still the order of the day."

A discussion followed. Captain Bradford selected a number of items and justified them by copious extracts from his own experiences. Captain Cadman seemed to protest with heat. I say seemed. He applied many injurious words to the master rigger. But it struck me all the same that he was acting a part. I guessed that Bradford and Flaxman being friends, Cadman's scheme was to get the captain to use his influence with the rigger to cheapen the bill, himself being satisfied that the charges were just. After a while he put the bill in his pocket. Bradford took a decanter of spirits out of a cupboard and the three of us drank to one another. It was hard upon twelve o'clock in the morning, and I was still considering whether or not to partake of my friend's boiled beef, due, as I understood, at one.

"When d'ye sail, Cadman?" said Bradford, filling a pipe and pushing the jar of tobacco across the table.

"Tenth prox., all being well."

"Got a full cargo, I hope?"

"Up to the knocker, as cargoes go. But things are not as they was in your time, Bradford."

"I've been down to the wash-streak before now," said the old captain, with a slow smile. "I've known what it is to crawl into the rigging half-mast high in a gale of wind to find out what's become of the ship."

"All smother and yeast high as the sheer poles. I know—I know," exclaimed Cadman, whose voice seemed even more gurgling and greasy now that he was smoking. "Them was the good old times. Now they're always a-coming."

"What's your port?" said Bradford.

"Table Bay. Mr. Fletcher goes with us."

"To look after you?" said Captain Bradford dryly.

"For his health," answered Cadman

"He'll be missed till he comes safe home," said Captain Bradford with an ironical cast of face. "There'll be a little more nakedness and a little more hunger in Bristol till his light shines upon us once more. The psalm won't go up quite so strong on the Sabbath, and there'll be one yellow composed countenance, and one shining new black suit of clothes, and a tall hat the less on Sundays while that good man's missing."

Cadman without moving his head turned his little eyes upon me.

"Is the Hebe the only vessel Mr. Fletcher owns?" I asked.

"The only vessel," answered Cadman.

"If you weren't in command I'd ask Jem Fletcher to give the charge to my young friend here," said Captain Bradford.

"He wants a post, and's too good a sailor to be kept ashore loafing for lack of a job."

Again without turning his head, Captain Cadman brought his little eyes to bear on me.

"The brig wants a mate—she's got a capt'n," said he.

"D'ye offer him the berth, Cadman? If so, bloomed, Morgan, if I wouldn't close if I was you," called out old Bradford.

"I'm in want of a mate, certainly," said Captain Cadman, letting his words drop slowly, while he held his pipe to his mouth, and now turning upon me the full of his snout-shaped face that he might eye me all over very critically and deliberately. "But that's one of them needs 'you're able to supply without call to go upon your knees and beg and pray."

"Take the offer, Morgan," said Captain Bradford. "The voyage is short and agreeable, pay good, table excellent, and if Fletcher goes along, then I'll warrant the whole job free from vulgarity, as the music halls say when they're planning something extra coarse."

"There's been no offer as yet," I answered, laughing.

All this while Cadman eyed me. I seemed to see his mind in motion behind the fixed and contrived expression of his face, like the legs of actors under the curtain that's not quite down. I could swear his considerations about me went further than my mere professional eligibility.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Three-and-twenty."

"What are your qualifications?"

"He holds a master's certificate," broke in Bradford, "and is six months home from over three years of washing about in the Wanderer. What more would you have, Cadman, if it isn't a whale?"

But Cadman was wary, persistent, and critical in his inquiries. He asked who my parents were, where I was born, if I swore and drank hard, and so forth. I resented nothing. In fact I had made up my mind if the berth was offered to accept it, and I hoped it would come while I sat, for then I should return to Blathford in an easier temper than I had enjoyed for some weeks past. But the offer was not to be made on the spot.

"Well," said Captain Cadman, pocketing his pipe, "I'll talk the matter over with Mr. Fletcher, and you shall hear from me. What's your address"

I scribbled it on a piece of paper.

"How runs the yarn in the shape of pay?" said Bradford.

"Four pun' fifteen," answered Cadman shortly.

"It's the old story," said Bradford. "Wages go down while everything else goes up. Everything else going up means money for them who sell. Why, then, should wages be always a-lowering and a-lowering?"

"Ah, that's it!" said Captain Cadman. "That's one of them riddles that Mr. Fletcher's given to trying his hand at."

We were interrupted by a servant girl looking in to ask if she might lay the cloth for dinner. Cadman accepted an invitation to partake of some boiled beef. Presently a fine smoking silver-side was placed upon the table; Bradford's niece carved, and we ate and drank. In the course of the meal Captain Bradford proposed that after dinner we should go down to the docks and have a look at the Hebe. Captain Cadman was quite agreeable, and shortly after two we put on our hats and the three of us sallied forth.

Though I had followed the sea for years, I loved the life, and by the life I don't mean the discipline and the wet and the bad food and the poor pay, but the freedom of the great breast of ocean, the remarkable beauty of a ship in full sail, and all the rich poetry that in the boundless solitudes of the deep you read in the book of the heavens radiant with stars, or glorious with the newly risen sun, or terrible with swollen black thunder-clouds torn with fire.

But one condition of the life I ever abhorred, and that is the dock part of it. You see the business of the deep in its rough and clamorous making. Everything belonging to the sea life that's coarse and commonplace, nasty and noisy, is there. Ships are wrecked by the riggers, decks are fouled with strains of cargo, drunken sailors in skin caps and mossy breasts sprawl about the quay-side, quarrelsome and obscene, and the hollow holds of the wooden and iron fabrics re-echo the blasphemies of ruffianly lumpers. Nor do mates and captains look the same in dock as they do at sea; a something in their dress, a peculiarity in their strut, makes the difference that is quickly distinguished by the practical eye; the brown of their complexion is faded, they seem somehow at a loss, and though you see a captain go over the side into the cabin of his ship in dock, he does not, somehow bear himself as her master. He is not as he will be anon when the canvas is spread over his head and the soft milky foam is buzzing alongside. The life of the sea does not begin until the docks are well astern.

The Bristol docks are curiosities as marine receptacles because of the topgallant and royal yards and pulling bunting the lift above the house tops of the city. You watch a man furling a sail past a church spire, and a topgallant mast slowly descends (to the melody of a sea language happily silent in the distance) seemingly close beside a chimney stack.

It was a clear, bright, cold February day. A noise of some local celebration was in the air; the chimes of many bells slanted through and quarreled down the frosty wind and I heard the sulky throbbing of a big drum and the strains of a brass band. The docks were full of vessels; the picture was such an one of large and busy trade as you shall not see in Bristol to-day. We stood on the edge of the wall and looked at the Hebe before stepping aboard.

She was a brig of about 290 tons, an old-fashioned ship built probably about thirty years before this time. That a sailor would guess by her beam and butter-box run, her immensely square stern apple-shaped bows, and cutwater curving at the stem head into the nude bust and face of a woman, a device of the old sort; paint-staring eyes, red hair, cheeks roughed into strict correspondence with forecastle taste in such matters. This Hebe was no beauty. Her immensely thick bulwarks were almost the height of a man, she had large heavy tops which somehow gave her an over-sparred appearance. Her decks ran flush or level from the eyes to the taffrail.

"A good, old-fashioned roomy hold down there for rats," said Bradford, with a sarcastic laugh.

"She was built in your time, skipper," exclaimed Cadman in a stealthy voice, turning his queer little eyes upon me.

"Yes, and so was the Thames," retorted Bradford, naming one of the handsomest of John Company's ships.

We went aboard, and Cadman conducted us into the cabin—stateroom we then called it. I stared about me; every sailor looks with interest at a ship, at the outside and at the inside of her. The cabin was a dusky interior, spite of the large, almost flat, skylight overhead. It contained seven sleeping berths, three little ones of a side, and one big one athwart under the wheel. In her day the Hebe had been a West Indian passenger as well as cargo boat; had carried several big pots to and fro; had even risen to the dignity of a favorite trader.

"If these dry planks could talk," said Bradford, standing on wide legs in the middle of the cabin, and turning his jolly, mottled broad-beamed face about with his hands thrust deep in his capacious breeches pockets "there's nothing afloat fastened with bolts and trunnels that could spin more hair-lifting yarns. Morgan, this same craft was once boarded by pirates within thirty-miles of Morant Point. They cut the throats of the master and mates and three men passengers; flung the crew along with two delicate ladies, people of wealth and position out in Jamacia, into the hold; clapped the hatch on and battened it down; next they set fire to the galley and went away, leaving smoke enough to persuade 'em the vessel was in flames. The fire went out itself, but the hatch cover sat 'twixt its coamings. The brig was fallen in with ten days days later, and when the people who boarded her lifted the hatch they found eighteen dead bodies in every posture of death agony. Lord, the blue, fast mortifying faces, with the torments of the thirst which had killed them—the thirst and the heat and suffocation in that hold—still showing like a living expression in the the poor Christian carrion! Bruised if I'd like to sail with you, Cadman."

We left the brig, and in walking in the direction of Captain Bradford's house we met a stout, tall man whom Bradford shook his hand at, calling, "How d'ye do, Fletcher? We are fresh from the Hebe. You've made a good job of her, Fletcher."

Cadman left us to speak to him, and Bradford and I waited.

"Turn yourself that Fletcher may take a good view of you," said Bradford. "They're talking about you."

From the old skipper's ridicule of Fletcher I had expected to see a different sort of person—something long and yelow, well-soaped looks, and a suit of rusty black. Fletcher was a tall, big man, with a pair of strong whiskers, a small pear-shaped nose, and a huge chin betwixt two points of stick-up collar. He wore a low pot hat, and was dressed in a suit of gray. He talked with Cadman, and they both looked toward me.

"I had thought to see something of the devil dodger's cut in your friend there," said I to Bradford.

"He sings loud in church," he answered; "has a name for charity, but you'd need a policeman's bull's-eye, I think, to explore for his gifts. He has failed twice—once in Sheffield, and once here—yet manages to hold his own, to maintain a wife and family, to say no more, and to keep a good roof over his head. He has a well-furnished house, and brags of his pictures. He is now a ship owner. Think on't!"

"Captain, you know the people. Shall I close if they offer me the appointment?"

"Why, the wages would degrade a footman, and there are sweeter ships afloat. But then, Morgan, you want a berth. You may find a command ready for you on your return. A Cape voyage won't run you into six months. And while you're at sea you're keeping your hand in—remember that. What can a sailor do ashore but spend his savings and smoke tobacco?"

Here Fletcher and Cadman parted; the former gravely flourished a farewell to Bradford, and the other joined us. He said nothing, however about engaging me. I just took notice as he walked that twice or thrice he turned his face to stare very critically as though he would look far deeper than the mere professional skin of me went. I guessed this sort of inspection was a mere trick or habit of his, and thought nothing of it; indeed he sent the like searching glances at the old skipper Bradford, it seemed to me. He quitted us at some short distance from the docks, first feeling in his pockets to make sure that he had my address, and then repeating that I should hear from him.

I thanked old Bradford for his hospitality and for the introduction, and declining his invitation to step in and drink a glass, I made my way to the station and so got home.

CHAPTER IV.

MATE OF THE HEBE.

I told my people of what I had been about and the chance I stood of getting a berth as mate of a brig called the Hebe, bound for Cape Town. My father said I should do well to accept the offer if it came. He had noticed that I was growing restless.

"Blathford is a dull place for a young man," said he. "Your delight in the country has passed. You are again longing to feel the fabric of a ship under you, and to hear the song of the salt wind."

"There is surely no hurry," said my mother. "And though Blathford is dull, it is safe, and you have been happy at home, Charles. Stop till you get command of a fine ship. Whenever there is a wreck it is a little brig."

"Charles will be wise to take what he can get," said my father softly, with one of his sweet looks. "You would have him a bishop, even while he waits for a curacy. And remember the words of the old divine: 'Is it not labor that makes the garlic and the pulse, the sycamore and the cresses, the cheese of the goats and the butter of the sheep to be savory and pleasant as the flesh of the roebuck or the milk of the kine, the marrow of oxen or the thighs of birds?"

"Is that a letter for me?" said I, going to the mantelpiece.

"It is from Kate and to me. You may read it," said my mother.

The girl wrote that she had taken another situation, where she hoped to be happier, though she would be getting a little less money. She said she was weary of teaching.

"It is bitter hard that girls placed as I am should find in this country nothing to do outside educating children. I am sorry now that I wanted the courage to plunge boldly into domestic service. I would far rather be a housemaid than a governess or a shop girl. The only condition of that life which makes me shrink a bit when I think of it is the people one must associate with. How could I bear to listen to John the footman's talk of the places he's lived in, to hear Mary the cook reading aloud without an aspirate from some vulgar weekly newspaper or some vulgarer magazine of love stories?" She asked if I had found a ship yet, and, if so, when I sailed. There was no reference in her letter to her old scheme of emigrating.

About a week after I had visited Bristol I heard from Mr. James Fletcher. He appointed me to the post of chief mate of the Hebe, at four pounds fifteen a month. My services would not be required until the day before the brig sailed. He had chosen me out of a number, as much because I was a clergyman's son as because of my qualifications (according to Capt. Bradford) as a seaman and a navigator. He had a high opinion of ministers of all denominations, and peculiarly respected the clergy of the Church of England. He concluded that, as a clergyman's son, pious sentiments had been early instilled into me, and he took it for granted that I was a sober, moral, God fearing young man. It was his intention, he said, to go out in the brig for his health, and he hoped I would spare no trouble to help him and Capt. Cadman to excite religious sentiments in the minds of the crew and set them a good example in all respects.

I found this on the breakfast table and handed it to my father, who said:

"He seems an honest, respectable gentleman. I like his sentiments. Well would it be if all ship owners took his views. The degrading and senseless vice of swearing would end, the name of Jack would no longer be the short for debauchery, the tender side of the sailor's nature would appear, his character then would make the profession of the sea truly noble."

"And how pleased English consuls would be!" exclaimed my mother, one of whose cousins had been consul at a Spanish port.

I pocketed the letter and went out of doors to think over it. I gave no heed to Fletcher's references to my parentage, my morals, and so forth. Suppose the man's piety a sham, there is a no more ancient fraud in the world, and I will say this: that if life has never been the better it has never been the worse for it, for surely you would rather have a man be a humbug in the right, than a candid rogue in the wrong. A man who feigns a religious character must act his part and therefore can't help doing a little good, though against the grain. A pious humbug leers at you as he passes on his way to old Nick gives you a bow—if you are poor, perhaps a penny—all to help him on the road to the devil; but your ingenuous villain who is too honest a blackguard to put on a religious face knocks you down and walks on his path to hell over your body. In fact there is too much imposture everywhere to quarrel with the professors of one sort of it.

No; it was not the fellow's writing about my helping him to make his crew virtuous and so on that struck me; it was his not wanting me on board until the day before the brig sailed. I very well knew what was expected of a chief mate. My experience was that when a ship was in dock the mate was more in command of her than the captain himself. He was everywhere. Work came to a stand unless he was by to refer to. He saw to the stowing of the cargo, standing at the main hatch and watching the business as it went forward; he looked after things in fifty different directions. Yet here was I requested not to join the vessel I was mate of till the eve of the day of her hauling out. It was strange; it was something new in ocean procedure, but then so much the better, thought I, after reading the letter a second time; three weeks of the quiet parsonage of Blathford with the dear old folks for my company, all night in, and plenty of milk and butter, and tender roast beef and mutton, delicacies which twinkle and vanish in the tail of your wake as it blends with the shore when the curved hawser is hissing to the drag of the tug boat, must surely be sweeter than a like period spent in a dock, looking after the filling up of a brig's hold, yelling to bungling figures on the decks, shouting to dangling shapes aloft, and all for four pounds fifteen a month.

I wrote to Mr. Fletcher and accepted the berth, and asked him to tell me when I was to sign articles. I received no reply for a fortnight. Then came a letter telling me that he had been away at Sheffield on a visit to a manufacturer who was sending out a valuable freight by the Hebe to Cape Town, and in a postscrip which read like an afterthought he added: "Call upon the shipping master on your arrival on the 9th, and then sign the articles."

The 9th came. I had been a long while at home this time, and found good-by hard to say. I hired the carter that had brought me from the railway station in the preceding August, put my stowed sea chest aboard the old vehicle, and with my mother's kiss still moist upon my cheek, and my father's grasp still warm in my hand, I turned my back upon the old home, little anticipating the new and extraordinary scene of life that was to open to me.

On my arrival at Bristol, after signing the brig's articles, I took my chest on board the Hebe. I found the vessel in full sea rig, the hatches on, and all in readiness for the start. She sat fairly deep in the water of the dock, and showed like a ship comfortably freighted. The only people in the vessel were the steward and carpenter. I noticed the latter as I went through the gangway, leaning over the windlass and smoking a pipe, and posturing with the easy air of a shipkeeper. He did not know who I was and made no sign. I called to hear if there was anybody in the forecastle who would help me carry my chest below. On this he stepped aft, putting his pipe in his pocket, and made a civil flourish with his hand to his cloth cap.

"Are you the mate, sir?" said he.

"Yes," I answered.

"I'm the carpenter and acting second mate," said he, with a grin. Then going to the companion he bawled out, "George!" A young fellow of some three-and-twenty came up. His face was dirty, his jacket old and greasy, his canvas trousers colored here and there like the center of a drum where the sticks hit it. He had a cast in his eye, and seemed but a poor kind of crature for any kind of work. I asked him who he was. He answered with an imbecile look:

"George, the steward, sir."

I said: "You'll have to freshen yourself up, my lad. Those togs of yours will need a long tow overboard

to satisfy me. Is the captain aboard?"

"No, sir."

"When is he expected?"

"Dunno, sir."

The carpenter waited til I had done with my questions, then said: "Here, boy; len's a hand to carry the chief mate's chest to his berth."

I followed them down the steps, and they put my old box on the deck of the cabin. In bunk lay a bundle of bedding, sent aboard that morning according to my instructions to a Bristol outfitter. I glanced around and found that other necessaries had been duly delivered.

"I see you're all ready for hauling out," said I to the carpenter, who seemed to linger as though for a yarn, the steward meanwhile stepping into his pantry, which was immediately abreast my cabin.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "Everything's been done by the riggers. Ne-er a man as sails in the ship 'll have a finger in the pie, aloft or alow. 'Taint as it used to be. If I were master it's my sailors as should reeve and bend, aye, and stow too. There's nothen like knowing what you're aboard of when the whole job means sink or swim——"

"Have they got a crew?"

"Yes; a tidy crew as crews go. I was up signing with some of them."

"What's the complement?"

"Not counting you aft, eight men and me, and that there George," he answered, with a nod at the pantry.

I chatted a while with the fellow, rather fancying him. He was a man of about five-and-forty, with iron-gray whiskers, of a frank, sailorly manner, and honest looks. The mate of such a brig as this could lose nothing of dignity in yarning with her carpenter. There is no dignity in 290 tons. Indeed it scarcely begins at a thousand. This carpenter had sailed with a man I well knew; he also named several large ships he had served in, and he looked around the cabin as though he felt that his present situation was a come-down.

When he left me I occupied myself in arranging my berth, and then went on deck for a meal at the eating house just off the docks. As I passed through the companion hatch Capt. Cadman came over the side. On seeing me he called out, "Ho, there you are!"

I saluted him with a quarter-deck flourish, of which, however, he took no notice, being no doubt ignorant of all such etiquette. His wide, flapping soft hat seemed to contract his face, and I found it more snout-like than I had before thought it. He was buttoned up in a rusty monkey jacket, and his long legs were outlined like a skeleton's through his thin, flapping cloth breeches.

"All ready for sea, sir," said he.

"Yes, sir," said I.

"So are we," he exclaimed, casting his little eyes aloft, then running them over the decks. "Our trim's good. We sit well, I think. We haul out to-morrow at 9. Nine's the hour, sir. You'll sleep aboard."

I answered with the customary, "Aye, aye, sir."

"I'm a-dining this afternoon with Mr. Fletcher. We may come aboard to-night."

He went to the skylight, called to George to tell him if Mr. Fletcher's cabin was ready, then giving him certain instructions which I did not catch, he walked about the deck, looking here and there, getting on to the rail on either side to peer over, and staring aloft. I watched him with a certain degree of interest. I never remember a person more singular in his carriage, manners and looks. His walk was a wild, flighty stride; he seemed to have no control over his great, square-toed feet, and he had an odd way of gazing askant at a thing. He'd hold his head straight, and you'd think he was looking in front of him, till on glancing at him you'd find his eyes in the corner of their sockets, fastened upon you. He attentively viewed the brig as though particularly to observe her trim; then, after addressing a few observations to me about Captain Bradford, the promise of the morrow's weather, the sailors who had signed for the vessel, and so on, he stepped on to the wharf and went away. I waited until he had disappeared, walked to an eating house, and dined.

I hung about the brig for the rest of the day, smoking and sometimes yarning with the carpenter, who said he belonged to London, and had no friends in Bristol, and did not care to go ashore. Ships of many kinds lay round about us, and the scene in its way was hearty and inspiring, with the spires of masts, the lacework of rigging, the hovering of the bunting of divers nations at peak or royal masthead, and the song of the capstan and the cry of command mingled with the melodies of church bells and the noises of the city spreading beyond in all directions. But it was a sharp, cold day, spite of a high sky of marble and a sunset of spacious splendor; after I had made a good supper or tea ashore I was glad of the refuge the brig's cabin provided. George lighted the lamp; I smoked a pipe, mixed myself a glass out of a bottle of spirits I had brought with me, and killed an hour or two by reading in some thumb-marked volume of sea tales, which I found on a swing trap under the skylight.

I contrasted this gloomy cabin with the home I had left—the cheerful parlor lighted by the soft flame of oil, the pictures, the communion plate glittering on the sideboard, the figures of my father and mother, the one knitting the other reading—and I did not feel joyous.

I thought of the yarn old Bradford had spun us of the people whose throats had been cut and the heap of dead bodies in the hold. The gloom upon my spirits was in the atmosphere; imagination beheld the theater exactly as it had been, and the bloody business was re-enacted with such sharpness of realization as once caused me to glance around a bit nervously, and once even to go on deck to fetch a cold breath and get some briskness of mood out of the life that was in sight.

But there was little to be seen; the water in the dock floated like black oil, with a gleam coming you knew not whence in the heart of it; the moon was dark, the stars pale and few, the ships lay in blocks of shadow spotted here and there with yellow light, and the crowd of masts swarmed into the obscurity till they looked like the gathering of a thunder-cloud with ink-like lines of rain falling. The silence was the silence of the dock when Jack in his multitude is ashore; when one solitary figure leaning over a taffrail talks to another solitary figure leaning over a bow; when a distant shout startles, and the splash of a bucket makes you hearken for the alarm of a drowning man, when there is a hum of drunken voices beside the shadowy arm of a crane, and a dim chorusing from a distant public house.

Mr. Fletcher and Captain Cadman came on board at ten. I sat in the cabin scarcely knowing whether to expect them or not. Fletcher stumbled in coming down the companion steps, and put on a stately air when he approached me. His eyes were weak, and he was at some trouble to keep his face steady. He was slightly intoxicated. Cadman, on the other hand was perfectly sober. Fletcher shook me by the hand, and said he hoped I would fulfill the expectations he had formed of me as the son of a clergyman.

"You shall have of my best, sir—I can say no more," I answered.

"I expect no more," he exclaimed, with a rather tipsy flourish of his hand. "He giveth all who giveth of his best. Is the steward awake?"

I called to George, who came out of his pantry rubbing his eyes.

"Is there any milk on board?" said Mr. Fletcher.

"No, sir," answered George.

"D'ye want a drink of milk, sir?" said Captain Cadman. "Jump ashore with a jug, George——"

"No, I'll drink no milk," said Mr. Fletcher, sitting down suddenly; "milk lies cold upon the stomach throughout a long night. I mean cow's milk. I'd drink goat's milk if I could get it."

Cadman slopped out one of his greasy laughs. "I knew a woman," said he, "who brought up her young un on goat's milk, and bloomed if the kid wouldn't turn to arterward and butt at his mother as if he was a goat. He wanted nothin' but horns. He had all the feelings and sperrits of a Billy."

"What's there to drink in this brig?" said Fletcher, looking at me somewhat gloomily.

In silence Cadman sped with spasmodic gestures and darting legs to his cabin, and swiftly returned with a black bottle. George then put cold water and glasses upon the table. I was for going for my berth, guessing I was no longer wanted. Fletcher, however, first asking Cadman what the bottle contained, requested me to sit and drink prosperity to the Hebe. A mate must be always willing to oblige a ship owner. I mixed a glass of weak gin and water, and the three of us lifted our tumblers after Fletcher had said, "Here's prosperity to the voyage. May it find us always grateful for every mercy. And here's to our safe return to the country of our birth."

"I was sorry to see Mrs. Fletcher take on so," said Captain Cadman, pulling out a paper bag of cigars, one of which he lighted (it instantly raised so vile a smell of bad tobacco that it was like sitting in a ship's hold which you smoke out for rats and other vermin). "But she'll come round. Somehow it's never long afore the empty chair gets to look as homely as when it's filled. I found that out arter my wife died. When I came home and found her armchair empty the sight of it was enough to drive me into drinking. Now its emtiness is as formiliar as it would be if it were t'other ways about—that's to say, if I hadn't sold it."

"Mrs. Fletcher is a bad sailor," said Fletcher, with his eyes half closed. "She'll miss me. We'll miss each other. She'll miss me from my accustomed seat at church, and at our plain, but, I think, not inhospitable table."

"Fur from that, sir," said Cadman, draining his glass.

"My daughters 'll miss me," continued Fletcher. "But these separations are useful. They teach us to think. They withdraw us from that fool's paradise in which too many of us are apt to dwell." Here he lifted his eyelids and rested his dim eyes upon my face. "The great and final change when we enter eternity and never return is always at hand. Our small earthly comings and goings and goings prepare us for the last dread leave-taking."

"I've always said," exclaimed Captain Cadman, "that's there's ne'er a man as can dress up his thoughts in prettier colors than Mr. Fletcher, of Bristol."

"With your leave, gentlemen," said I, "I'll turn in. Work starts early in the morning, and there's a long day before us."

"Good night, sir," said Mr. Fletcher, extending his hand with the abruptness of drink. As I rose he said: "I hope you left your father in a fairly good state of health?"

"He is very well, sir, I thank you."

"There's no class of society," I heard him say to Captain Cadman as I went to my berth, "for which I have a greater regard than the clergy of the Church of England."

I shut my door, but through the bulkhead heard him rambling on in this speech about the clergy.

I got into my bunk and lay thinking. The first day of my entering my duties did not much seem like going to sea according to one's old notions of the life, whether in dock or out of soundings. I seemed to be treated more as a passenger than mate; Cadman had said something to me about the cargo, stores, and so on, had barely referred, indeed, to the brig when we met in the afternoon; here, too, was the owner, Fletcher, shaking hands and making much of me—but, to be sure, he was rather tipsy. I was puzzled, but not uneasy. I knew my work, and though Cadman might be a smarter seaman than I in handling such a little ship as this brig, I had small doubt of proving out and away superior as a navigator to so illiterate a man. They sat talking in low voices long after I had turned in. I heard a church clock strike 11 and then the quarter, and they talked still.

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"Thomas Psycho- Physical Culture" by Julia and Annie Thomas is published by Edgar S. Werner, 108 East 16th St., New York.

With 46 full-page illustrations. The book is divided as follows: (1) Psycho-Physical Pose; (2) Joint Movements; (3) Repose; (4) Exercises for the Organs of Speech; (5) Breathing-Exercises; (6) Voice-Culture; (7) Address Exercises; (8) Equilibrium; (9) Walking and Running; (10) Harmonious Action; (11) Gesture; (12) Elocution.

The select works of Benjamin Franklin, including his Autobiography with notes and a Memoir, is written by Epes Sargent, and published by Lee and Shepard, 10 Milk St., Boston. Mr. Sargent was a most skillful editor. He had a keen perception of the essential, and knew how to give the pith of things. In this volume there is a short but excellent original sketch of Franklin's life; the famous autobiography; specimens of his political, moral and philosophical papers; and a few selections from his letters.

Froebel's Letters with explanatory notes and additional matter, by Arnold H. Heinemann, is published by Lee and Shepard, 10 Milk Street, Boston. The universal spread of the Kindergarten has given a new and vivid interest to all that relates to Froebel.

The Principles of Ethics, vol. 2, by Herbert Spencer, is published by D. Appleton, New York. This volume consists of three parts, the first of which, "Justice," has been previously published separately. The parts which the author has now completed are entitled respectively, "Negative Beneficence' and "Positive Beneficence."

"A Pathfinder in American History."

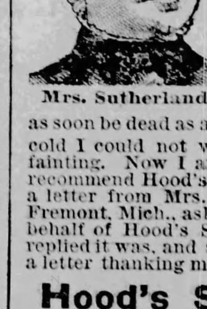
A guide and help for the scholar, teacher and general reader in the history of our country, by Wilbur F. Gordy, principal of North School, Hartford, and W. I. Twitchell, principal of Arsenal School, Hartford is published by Lee and Shepard, 10 Milk Street, Boston.

"Broadoaks," by M. G. Mc Clelland, is a beautiful story of Southern life, published by the Price McGill Co., 455 Cedar Street, St., Paul, Minn.,

Werner's Readings and Recitations, No. 10. Compiled by Caroline B. Le Row published by Edgar S. Werner, 108 East 16th street, New York. Price, paper binding, 35 cents; cloth binding, 60 cents. This number is known as "America's Recitation Book," because it presents the best productions in prose and verse that have been written on the great events in the history of our country.

Likely.

He looked upon the banyan tree
That spreads about with air divine,
And murmured in his perfect glee,
"This must be Nature's crinoline." Puck.


Mrs. Sutherland.

I Had Goitre

Or swellings in the neck since I was 10 years old; am now 52. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and the swelling has entirely disappeared. It has been very troublesome. When I began I was feeling so discouraged with the goitre and rheumatism, I would as soon be dead as alive. Whenever I caught cold I could not walk two blocks without fainting. Now I am free from it all and I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. I received a letter from Mrs. Jennie Bigelow, now of Fremont, Mich., asking if my testimonial in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla was true; I replied it was, and sent particulars. I have a letter thanking me for recommending

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and stating that she also has been cured." MRS. ANNA SUTHERLAND, Kalamazoo, Mich.

HOOD'S PILLS act easily, yet promptly and efficiently on the liver and bowels. 25c.

MODERN MIRACLES.

DEATH STAND BACK.

Statement of Prominent Indianians.

Man's greatest study from the cradle of humanity to the present hour has been to find something which would prolong life and perpetuate health. In front of every soul from the cradled babe to the tottering sire, lies the grave, whose yawning jaws encompass every inch of life's circle, and consequently, at some period in this circuit death is reached, and to many along this journey are aches and pains, diseases of flesh and bone, of blood and fibre, nerve and brain. "Oh! that I might live always here," said Confucius' percepter. "Oh, that these pains might leave me," said Plato. Poor Merchanelle, "Oh! that this eating sore might be healed." Rochkeas, "If my paralyzed legs would only move." And such has been the repeated cry and wail throughout the earth, at all times and in all ages. Youthful Scion cured the sick of all incurable diseases. No pestilence stood in his way, no disease defeated his will, but in his work of love he died young, and again the black pall of sickness and sorrow, death and mourning, hearse and funeral shaded the fair Nile. Persia, Ceylon, India, and twice Europe have had their wonders who cured the incurable of almost every disease or fate. But they died without imparting their secrets of power, and man comes and goes as before, life continues a succession of cradles and graves.

Many scientists believe we are nearing the end of this dark history; that life will soon be perpetuated indefinitely on this earth arm in arm with health.

In my investigation of these things my attention has been called to the work and the seeming miraculous cures and supernatural examinations of a physician in Boston, Mass.

The Eastern world has been frequently excited over his miraculous cures. I have for years watched his work, and recently investigated carefully, and from what I have seen and ascertained (and this is what anybody can readily find out), I give it as my cool and deliberate opinion that in the treatment of the supposed incurable chronic troubles he is absolutely master, that he handles them as readily as a mother would her babe, and toys with most forms of death as a child would its rattle. As strange as it may sound, I can truthfully say I have seen death walk out of the room as he entered. I have seen him approach the deathbed, when the life of the patient was connected with this earth by a few breaths only, and in a few minutes the patient was out of danger and on the road to health.

In the spring of 1880, the president of the Pennsylvania railroad telegraphed this physician from Portland, Maine, that he was suffering excruciating pain from rheumatism of the heart; that nothing did him any good. As quick as flash came the answer, in 35 minutes you will be well. In 35 minutes he was up and about free from pain. He told me of his cure a few weeks afterwards just as I have related it.

About twelve years ago this physician was called to Philadelphia, by telegram, to see the son of Byron Woodward, who was dying with spinal meningitis. Mr. Woodward is a prominent lawyer, a man of means and a devoted father to his family. He had done everything to save the life of his child that money and effort could do. The best medical skill of the city had been watching at the bedside, and had agreed in their opinion that the boy would die. Then it was that this doctor was hurried to the bedside. One member of the family said as he entered the door, "you are too late, Dr. Flower, our poor boy has gone; he is just alive, that is all." A lady attendant remarked: "It is useless to try to do anything, death has him." To this Dr. Flower replied:

Death Must Stand Back,

And putting a drop of something on the boy's tongue, and placing his hand on his temples for a few minutes, he turned to the boy's mother and said, "Here is your boy. I give him back" —as the child opened his eyes, and said:

"Mama, Mama."

In a few minutes Dr. Flower left the house. The boy improved rapidly, and was soon well, and to-day he is a healthy, fine looking young man.

These kind of things Dr. R. C. Flower, of Boston, has been doing for years, and the sick come to see him from all parts of the world, and are cured. Chronic cases frequently take months to cure, though many are cured almost instantly.

Eastern papers frequently speak of his miraculous cures. Dr. Flower disclaims anything miraculous in his cures—says his treatment is thoroughly scientific; that he understands his business, and that he has every facility at his command this world affords to treat properly any case.

Possibly the strongest feature in Dr. Flower curing the sick when all others fail, lies in the fact that he never treats a patient for the wrong disease. He possesses such a keen intuitional perception that he can detect disease as readily as he would read a book, and he never asks a patient to tell him his disease, but as soon as he sees his patient, will tell him his trouble in detail without asking him a question.

I have seen him examine scores of patients, telling each one all about himself without ever being told anything. I have talked to hundreds of his patients, and they have all told me the same thing. Dr. R. C. Flower's ability to detect the interior condition of a man is as well established as that he lives.

It is no exaggeration to say that Dr. R. C. Flower does largely the chronic practice of the East. In fact, the more important cases from all parts of the country and other countries are fast finding him out.

The question was asked in the columns of your paper a short time ago if Dr. Flower had many patients in Indiana, and what you knew of his cures in this section of the country. Following your instructions, I have investigated this matter, and let me say first, Dr. Flower has about 800 patients in Indiana, and they are among the very best people of the country. As to what Dr. Flower is doing in these Western states, I will let his patients speak for themselves.

Henry D. Posey, 615 Chestnut street, Evansville, Ind., is one of the foremost men in Southwest Indiana and Western Kentucky. When asked if he would tell what he knew of Dr. R. C. Flower, of Boston, said he would gladly do so, because he believed every sick man and woman should know of Dr. Flower. "First," said Mr. Posey, "I consider Dr. Flower the greatest physician in all the world. I don't believe there was ever such a doctor, and doubt if there will ever be another, and I form my judgment from his work.

"I was a living skeleton when I went to see Dr. Flower over a year ago. I could not eat anything, not even milk without great distress. I had wasted to a shadow. I had given up hope, and was given up. I resolved as a very last resort to consult Dr. Flower. I did so. He told me all my troubles and past troubles without asking a question. Then I knew I was in the presence of a man who knew his business. I put myself under his care. I improved immediately, and am a sound well man to-day. You cansay for me, I believe he has no equal living."

Mrs. James E. Smith, of Corydon, Indiana, said, "When I went to see Dr. R. C. Flower about a year ago, I was suffering with a large advanced tumor. I had consulted and been treated by all the best doctors in this section of the country. They all advised an operation, and stated that unless I had one performed, I would live but a few weeks, and it was by no means certain that an operation would help me. Dr. Flower told me all my troubles, their origin and growth without asking me a question. He stated that in his opinion an operation would prove fatal; on the other hand, he believed I could be successfully treated and cured without an operation. I placed myself under his treatment, and began to improve immediately; to-day I am a well woman —no tumor, no pain, strong and happy. I wish every sick person knew of Dr. Flower."

"I was a sufferer with consumption," said Mrs. John D. Becker, 103 John street, Evansville, Ind. "I had doctored with numerous physicians without relief. As a last resort" (and the lady laughed, as she added "Dr. Flower is always the last resort.") "I went to see Dr. R. C. Flower. He told me all about my troubles without asking me to say a word. So pleased was I with the examination that I placed myself under his care. I began to improve immediately, and to-day am a well woman. Ten months ago I could do no work, could scarcely walk, spent my time lying down or in a rocking chair; now I can do any kind of work, walk as much as when I was a young girl. I can not speak too highly of my physician," said this cultured and refined woman. "Dr. Flower is a great man, an honest, candid man. He is smart, quick and keen and wonderfully fascinating. I don't think the sick have any cause to fear if under his care."

Mrs. Wm. Deakyre, of Sheridan, Ind., said: "About a year ago I visited Dr. Flower. I was then helpless in a paralyzed condition; went on crutches whenever I went out. A terrible tumor increased my already abnormal size rapidly. I measured over three and a half feet around the waist, and over four feet from hip to hip. The disease had settled in one limb, and I had no use of it. I was also fast losing my eyesight. My nerves were shattered. I had no memory. Not one of my friends ever thought I could be helped. The physicians had given me up as incurable. Dr. Flower told me my troubles without asking a question, or how they came upon me. I took a course of treatment under him, and thank God, I am to-day a well woman. Look at me—tumor gone, natural in size, sight restored, memory good, nerves like iron, no crutches—I can walk for a mile and not feel tired. Why, sir; I believe Dr. Flower to be the greatest man of this age. He is a marvel—a giant in his work. Several of my acquaintances he has cured in the same way. The people in Sheridan speak of this cure as wonderful and miraculous."

"Mrs. Edward Riley, of Rossville, Ind., said: "Yes, I am glad to tell anyone what Dr. Flower has done for me. I had been a helpless invalid for years," continued this pleasing little lady, as smiles lit-up her face. "I was was helpless with what had been pronounced incurable heart trouble. I was a broken down wreck—could not walk and could hardly breathe. Every organ seemed diseased. I was a skeleton. As a last resort I was urged to consult Dr. R. C. Flower, of Boston, Mass., as he had performed several wonderful cures, both here and in Frankfort, Ind. I went to see Dr. Flower during one of his visits to Indianapolis. I was carried in to see him. I had no hope. Without asking me a question, he told all my troubles, and from that moment I had every hope. I began to improve immediately after commencing his treatment, and here I am to-day practically a well woman, doing what I want to do, and going where I desire. I have sent a great many patients to him, and they are all delighted. I never heard of any other doctor or man like him."

Mrs. Henry Clapper, of Seafield, Ind., said: "Dr. R. C. Flower, of Boston, was the ablest and most skillful physician this world had ever seen since the days of miracles," and to all this good lady stated, her husband said amen. "I had," continued Mrs. Clapper, "what several able physicians pronounced fibroid tumor. My size was monstrous, and growing larger all the time, and I suffered excruciating pain. I also had catarrh and stomach trouble—an aggravated form of asthma, accompanied with nervous prostration. I had given up all hope of ever being cured, or ever being helped, when I read an account in an Eastern paper of Dr. Flower's wonderful cures, and how by sending two two cent stamps to his address, No. 529 Columbus avenue, Boston, Mass., I would obtain free of charge a valuable work by Dr. Flower, entitled the 'Science of Health.' I sent for this book, which shortly came. As I read it I felt that he could help me. I felt I was under the influence of a great mind. And let me tell you every sick person in this country ought to send to Boston and get this book. It is worth a fortune to every home. Well, to make my story short, about eight months ago I went to see Dr. Flower. He immediately told me all my troubles without asking a question. I put myself under his treatment. Look at me now—tumor gone, all other troubles gone. I am a well

Happy, Happy Woman.

The most hopeless of the sick need have but little fear if Dr. Flower takes the case. He has no equal, and I don't believe ever will." Her husband said if put upon his oath he would have to say he was the greatest living physician, and professionally a giant among men.

These patients might be quoted by the hundreds, but enough has been said. I give you, Mr. Editor, their simple and unvarnished statements. They speak for themselves.

"Louder than sermons.
And sweeter than songs."

The simple stories told by men and women (as prominent and reliable as the country affords), who would have been in their graves to-day had it not been for Dr. Flower.

I think I am safe in saying that if the patient is not in the last stages of dissolution, he can have every hope by going to see Dr. Flower. It makes but little difference to the doctor whether others have given the case up or not; his methods are peculiarly his own, and the more desperate the outlook the better he seems to like it. If he does not think he can cure his patient he frankly tells him so; but it will not average one in a hundred he has to give such sad news to.

Dr. Flower occasionally makes a visit to the West and South for the purpose of seeing his patients who can not go to Boston to consult him. It would seem in the face of the evidence that there can be no excuse for men or women suffering or dying with chronic diseases when this man can be reached. How Dr. Flower performs many of his cures I can not explain, nor has he offered any explanation, but that he cures the most desperate cases, as death settles over the last closing avenue of life, is a fact which thousands will attest.

The late Gov. Bishop, of Cincinnati, used often to say that in healing the sick Dr. R. C. Flower was inspired by God, that he was a medical wonder, a brilliant and fascinating gentleman.

Rev. J. W. Phelps (Presiding Elder) Pasadena, California, stated to a gathering of people not long ago at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, that Dr. R. C. Flower's work should be called modern miracles; that he was the most skillful physician of the age.

RULES ON ECONOMY.

To economize: Make the most of it while you have it.

To economize health: Don't get up before breakfast or work between meals.

For economy of effort, select a nice sedentary trade, such as fishing off the dock.

Economy of nerve tissue is achieved by living in Philadelphia and avoiding vivid emotions.

Economy of ice water is promoted by keeping sober the night beforehand.

Economy of ice water is promoted by assisted by keeping an eye out for stray cats to fricassee.

Economy of money is promoted by pretending to be rich when you're poor, and pretending to be poor when you're rich.

Appreciation.

The Girl—"And do you think Mr. Write stuff is fond of poetry?"
The Rival—"Yes—his own."—Exchange.

A NEW CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from asthma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

The Sunday School.

LESSON V., SUNDAY, JULY 30, 1893.

Paul at Ephesus.

Golden text:—When he, the Spirit of Truth, is come, will guide you into all truth.—John 16:13.

LESSON TEXT.

(Acts 19:1-12.)

1. And it came to pass that, while Apollos was at Corinth, Paul having passed through the upper coasts came to Ephesus; and finding certain disciples,

2. He said unto them, have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed? And they said unto him, we have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost.

3. And he said unto them, unto what then were ye baptized? And they said, unto John's baptism.

4. Then said Paul, John verily baptized with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people, that they should believe on him which should come after him, that is, on Christ Jesus.

5. When they heard this, they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus.

6. And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them; and they spake with tongues, and prophesied.

7. And all the men were about twelve.

8. And he went into the synagogue, and spake boldly for the space of three months, disputing and persuading the things concerning the kingdom of God.

9. But when divers were hardened, and believed not, but spake evil of that way before the multitude, he departed from them, and separated the disciples, disputing daily in the school of one Tyrannus.

10. And this continued by the space of two years; so that all they which dwelt in Asia heard the word of the Lord Jesus, both Jews and Greeks.

11. And God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul.

12. So that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them.

Illustrative Applications.

Did ye receive the Holy Ghost when ye believed? (v. 2.) This is as important a question to every disciple of Jesus to-day, as it was when Paul asked it of the Ephesian Christians. Is the Holy Ghost your teacher and guide? Does he open the Scriptures to you when you study them? Does he lead you by day and by night, so that you know your path is God's chosen one for you? Has the Holy Spirit a home in your heart, making it a temple resonant with songs of praise and strains of hope; so that you never have to pray for the coming of the Holy Spirit, as if the day of Pentecost were not already past? If you cannot answer yes to these inquiries, the lack of the Ephesian disciples is your lack to-day.

Into what then were ye baptized? (v. 3.) This is another question which ought to come home to each one of us. If we have been baptized, what is the nature, the purport, the results, of our baptism? If we were baptized into the name of the Father,' and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, what is now our relation to the Father? What is our relation to the Son? What is our relation to the Holy Ghost? How do we differ from the unbaptized? What evidence is there, aside from the record of the fact, that we have been baptized? What are our new privileges, our new hopes, our new duties, through our Christian baptism? There are too many of the baptized who can not answer even these simple questions. Can you?

The Holy Ghost came on them; and they spake with tongues (v. 6). Speaking with various tongues was a necessity to the early Christian disciples. Therefore the Holy Ghost enabled the disciples to do this thing. If we now needed to use half a dozen tongues, the Holy Ghost would supply them to us; but we need only one, the Holy Ghost is ready to give us power over that. And we need power from God to keep one tongue in subjection. "The tongue can no man tame; it is a restless evil, it is full of deadly poison." Only as the Holy Ghost keeps our hearts right, can our tongues be used wisely and well; for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." If we have "receved the Holy Ghost," there will be evidence of it in our characters and lives; not as formerly in the gifts of tongues and of prophecy, but in the richest and most precious of the fruit of the Spirit, in the use of the tongue and of all the rest of our bodies. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance." Does your life bear this fruit?

He spake boldly for the space of three months (v. 8). It is a great deal easier to speak boldly at the start, when you know you are right, and when you think you can make others see it to be so, than it is to keep up your bold speaking, month after month, when you are disputed, or gainsaid, or sneered at, or treated with contempt, by your hearers. But continuance in bold speaking, against all opposings and under all discouragements, is as truly a test of fidelity in a pulpit or in a teacher's seat of to-day as it was in the synagogue of Ephesus in the days of Paul.

But when some were hardened he separated the disciples (v. 9). Sooner or later the time comes, in the process of training, for separating the good and the evil for the sake of the good. In order to the wise doing of this, it is important that parents and teachers be acquainted with the companions and surroundings of those for whom they are responsible. A parent ought to know who are his child's playmates and school-fellows, and be ready, if necessary, to separate him from them. There are times when a family would do well to move to another house, to be rid of the children "next door." It would be better for some parents to change the school of their children than to have the associations of their little ones remain as now; and in many more cases the parents ought to see that the teacher changes the seat-mate of their children. Teachers in secular schools and in Sunday schools have a responsibility in this direction. They must see to it that a separation is made between scholars when a separation is necessary. It is not right to have one vicious scholar contaminate an entire class. For the sake of those who are well disposed, and who would obey the truth, the scholars who are hardened, and who speak evil of the right way, ought to be put where they can do the least harm. This work of separation must be done judiciously; but it is a work not to be safely neglected. Superintendents, teachers, parents and scholars young and old, ought to bear its importance in mind, and act accordingly.

God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul (v. 11). God wrought the miracles; Paul did not. No man ever yet wrought a miracle. A miracle is peculiarly God's work. He does not even need the agency of man for its accomplishment. If he uses a human agent, he thereby honors the man; but the glory is due unto himself. For all wonders wrought by the hands of any of God's servants, God should have the praise. It is not any faithful pastor, nor any prayerful teacher, nor any wise and devoted parent, who works a wonder of grace —in preaching, or in teaching, or in training. It is God who does by the hands of this or that child of his that for which the hearts of his people are glad. "There are diversities of workings, but the same God, who worketh all things in all."—H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.

ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS.

New South Wales has been proved suitable for the rearing of silk worms.

The New Zealand government has purchased two sections of land at Auckland, with the view of making them the nucleus of village settlements.

The currency question is causing great perturbation in Bombay. The falling off in railway traffic is very marked, indicating a great suspension of trade.

Sweating has taken up its abode in the Melbourne tailoring trade. A deputation has been waiting on the premier to solicit his aid in grappling with the question.

The Victorian government is to save $15,000 a year by dispensing with the services of 70,000 rabbit inspectors and by dismissing all sexagenarians from the government service.

Some idea of the telegraph communication of the world with Australia will be found in the returns for February, when 4,000 telegrams were received and 3,571 sent away. The daily average of words received and sent was 4,085. These figures show a falling off on those of the previous February.

Once Was Sufficient.

Herdso—Do you believe in the faith cure?
Saidso—Yes; one treatment cured all the faith I had.—Vogue.

SUMMER HOME OF THE POPE.

A Description of the Palace in the Vatican Park.

As is the custom every summer when the great heat makes the Vatican comparatively uncomfortable, the Pope is about to take up his abode in the beautiful house built by Pius IV. in the Vatican park. The summer palace has been repaired and adorned in the course of the present spring, and is now more attractive in appearance than ever before.

"The palace," says a correspondent of the Berliner Boersen-Courier, "was built by Pirro Ligaro in 1560, by command of Pope Pius IV., who belonged to the Medici family. Only a few popes have used it, although cardinals and relatives of the heads of the church have lived in it at various times. In 1823 Leo XII. ordered the house remodelled. Before the work was finished, however, he died. It is worthy of mention at this point that Leo XII. was the first protector of Father Pecci. This priest, when he ascended the Papal throne later, assumed the name of Leo out of gratitude to his predecessor. In the first year of his pontificate Leo XIII. faithfully believed that his voluntary imprisonment would soon end and allow him to pass the hot seasons at Castelgondolfo or at Subiaco. Not until this dream was shattered did he take advantage of the presence of the summer house of the Medici Pope. The palace contains cellars—used as kitchens, dining-rooms, etc.—a parterre and a covered "loggia," in which are the rooms for the servants. In the parterre is a museum containing statues and other works of art. At the entrance to the museum is a small but beautifully worked statue representing a dying zouave. It bears the inscription: "The zouave suffering the martyr-death. Long live the Pope, King, Pope, our Holy Father, Pius IX." In the first story of the palace is a reception salon, handsomely and newly decorated, from which one gains access to the other rooms. At the right is the sleeping chamber of the Pope's body chamberlain. Opposite the entrance is the throne-room, which serves as audience-room on extraordinary occasions. At the left of this is a small hallway leading to the private cabinet where His Holiness receives the cardinals and prelates. Further to the left is the study of the Pope, which is connected with the Papal bedroom. In the bedroom stands an iron bedstead.

"The dining-room," adds the correspondent, "is simply decorated. It was supplied this year for the first time with all the necessary furniture. The palace is surrounded by a stone wall, at the front of which is a handsome 'loggia.' Its entrance is in the form of an amphitheater. In the middle of the 'loggia' is a fountain which throws the water about in the form of a cross. Opposite the 'loggia' is the so-called Medici Park. In the center of this park is a beautiful little fountain surrounded by handsome grass plots. The palace proper lies at the foot of the great Vatican Park. The outlook from the windows is a lovely one. Monte Maria can be seen in the distance.

"The Pope has had a roadway, studded on either side by trees, built from the Vatican to the summer palace. In following the pathway one meets first the pickets of the Swiss Guard, then those of the Papal gendarmes, and further on the barracks of the gendarmes. In the summer after reading mass in the Vatican the Pope, about 8 o'clock, is carried to the garden, and is then driven in a closed carriage to the summer palace. After breakfast there he gives audience to the cardinals, prelates and often to the foreign ministers accredited to his court. After the audiences are over he eats a simple luncheon, and then sleeps, as a rule, until 4 o'clock. He then devotes several hours to study and work. In the early evening he takes a short walk or drive in the Vatican Park, and then returns for a time to the Vatican."

WM. T. HARRIS,

Presiding Officer of the World's Congress of Education.

William T. Harris is one of the most famous educators that America has produced. He has been president of the St. Louis University and is among the principal ex-officers of the National Educational association; he is the founder, or rather promoter, of the famous manual training school

of St. Louis, and was appointed by President Cleveland commissioner of education, at the unanimous request of the leading educators of the country.

Prof. Harris was born in Massachusetts and took a leading position in the educational department of that state before going West. He will preside over the World's Congress of Education at Chicago, the arrangements of which have been in his charge, and it is to his credit to say that he has interested all the leading educators of America and Europe in these conferences.

In a Strange Land.

First Oat—I wonder where we are?
Second Oat—Don't you know? This is the inside of a Fifth avenue stage horse.
First Oat—Heavens, Oatsie, you don't say so! I thought it was the Mammoth Cave.—Life.

She Had Other Brothers.

He—"Remember that you have promised solemnly to be a sister to me."
She—"Yes; but you mustn't act as if you thought you were the only relative of that kind I have in the world."—Boston Beacon.

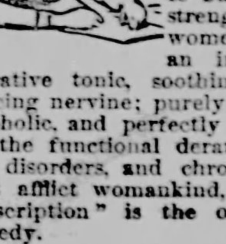
Not a Bit Attentive.

"Some people haven't any more religion than a heathen."
"What do you mean?"
"Well, there was old Mrs. Hightone never once noticed the preacher, for I watched her the whole time of the service."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Bostonese.

"What makes you think that new Bowery waiter came from Boston?"
"Because when I ordered liver and bacon he bowled out: 'Chicago pate de foi gras and Ignatius Donnelly.'"—New York Herald.

VOLUMES COULD BE WRITTEN,



filled with the testimony of women who have been made well and strong by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It's a medicine that's made especially to build up women's strength and to cure women's ailments—an invigorating, restorative tonic, soothing cordial, and bracing nervine; purely vegetable, non-alcoholic, and perfectly harmless. For all the functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses that afflict womankind, the "Favorite Prescription" is the only *guaranteed* remedy.

It *must* have been the medicine for most women, or it couldn't be sold on any such terms.

Isn't it likely to be the medicine for *you?* Sold by druggists everywhere.

FREE PORTRAITS and FRAMES! Send us at once a photograph of yourself, or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make you from it an enlarged Portrait, with frame complete, absolutely free of charge. This offer is made in order to introduce our new Portraits and Frames in your vicinity. Put your name and address on back of photos, and send it to NATIONAL PORTRAIT SOCIETY, 751 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Refer you to any banks in this city.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Days of Gestation.

A. R. R., California:—The periods of gestation are the same in the horse and ass—11 months each; sow, 16 weeks; camel, 12 months; elephant, 2 years; lion, 5 months; buffalo, 12 months; in the human family, 9 months; cow, 9 months; sheep, 5 months; dog, 9 weeks; cat, 8 weeks; she wolf, 90 to 95 days. The goose occupies 30 days in incubating eggs; hens, 21 days; ducks, 30 days; turkeys and peahens, 28 days; canaries, 14 days; pigeons, 14 days; parrots, 40 days, and swans, 42 days.

Preserving Fence Posts.

J. R. T., Colorado:—Timber intended for posts is rendered almost proof against rot by thorough seasoning, charring and immersion in hot coal tar.

Sick Cow—Colt Sweenied.

A. R. R. and F. S. S., California:—But little can be done for a cow to relieve the pain near time for calving. If the position of the calf is not right, a veterinarian should be called, as it will require the presence of a qualified practitioner. However, it is likely that she will come in properly. As to the young horse that you think is sweenied by working with a weak, old horse in plowing, you should carefully feel along the back tendons of the leg, to see if they are warm or sensitive to the touch. The muscles in the shoulder of a horse are concentrated and firm, and not so subject to sprains as the leg tendons. You can locate the seat of the pain by going carefully along the leg and shoulder, with pressure from the fingers. When you are sure that you have found the part affected, rub in a little of the following once a day for a week, then omit for a week and repeat, first fomenting the part with hot water for an hour each day for three days: Red iodide of mercury, 1 dr.; lard, 2 ozs. Before applying, each time wash off with warm water and soap, then dry with a cloth. The healing may be done with unsalted lard.

Lice on Hogs.

G. M., Indiana: The first thing to be done to get rid of lice is to clean away all the old straw in the pen. Dip a rag in coal oil (kerosene), make a mop of it, and rub all along the cracks in the pen. To kill the lice on the hogs, sponge kerosene freely over the hogs, or rub up Scotch snuff with lard and apply it. The applications must be made at intervals of five days until the nits are destroyed. Three applications are sufficient. The hogs must be well fed.

Raising Grapes.

Subscriber, Kansas: Limestone soil is the best for grapes, and that which is not limestone should have a good application of lime. Sandy, gravelly or loam soil is better than clay or muck lands. Plant on the southern, southeastern or eastern slope of a hill, if possible. The valley of a small stream is unfavorable, while that in the vicinity of a large body of water is good. Exhausted soils. When the soil is sandy or gravelly, dress well with muck or leaf mould. Any kind of soil should be plowed to the depth of 20 inches, and given an application of barnyard manure, unless naturally rich. The soil must be well pulverized. Ashes, lime or charcoal are excellent as an application. Grape vines are usually bought of the nursery man. To start the business, select the varieties you wish to cultivate, and order such number as you may wish. The cuttings should be four feet in length, including two eyes one near each end. The cuttings should be made late in the fall, or during the winter, or in the early spring. When cut they should be tied in bunches with butts all one way. To protect the cuttings bury in the ground, in well drained soil, below the reach of frost, or pack in moss, slightly moistened sawdust, or sand in boxes in a dry cellar. In spring, when the weather becomes settled, take them up and plant them in good soil. In planting, make a trench with the plow or spade ten inches deep. Place the cuttings in the trench at a slight angle, and from eight to twelve inches apart, close against the side, with the top even with the surface. Fill in a few inches of soil at the bottom, and press tightly with the foot. Continuing the process with less pressure at the top. In transplanting, cut the tops back to two buds, and the roots shorten into 15 or 20 inches. Transplanting is done in the spring or fall, according to latitude. In the South fall planting is preferred. Plant in rows 6 to 8 feet apart and 8 feet in the row.

Nasal Gleet.

R. A. W.:—Your horse seems to be suffering from nasal gleet. Syringe the nostrils with chloride of zinc, 30 grains; water, 2 quarts. Give internally sulphate of copper, nitre and powdered gentian, of each 1 drm. Make into a ball with linseed meal, and give the above amount night and morning for several days. Feed none but the best of food.

Little Turkeys Have Roup.

Mrs. C. C. J., Indiana:—Your little turkeys, if the editor has interpreted your letter correctly, have that which is known as dry roup. Give each one six drops of castor oil, and bathe their heads with warm water. Then dry their heads well and touch the lumps with kerosene oil. Feed no corn, and separate the affected ones from those that are well.

Chickens Die.

Mrs. A. F. C., Louisiana:—If your chickens show no symptoms of watery eyes, they are suffering from gape worms, which may be removed by making a loop of horse hair and twisting it in their throats. Give each a pill of 1 drop turpentine and four drops of water. You feed your chickens too much, which causes apoplexy.

Garget in Cow.

W. R. R., West Virginia:—Your cow has garget. Rub the part affected by gentle hand-friction with this: Powdered camphor, 1-2 oz.; extract belladonna, 2 ozs.; lard, 2 ozs.; mix well. If the teat is closed, apply a milking tube, or take a small wire, and after filing it blunt at one end, insert it in the teat. This may be done twice a day, always being careful not to push it up into the udder. If the milk be ropy after calving, inject into the teat baking soda, a teaspoonful, water, 1-2 pint. The cow should be milked twice a day.

Something Wrong With Horse.

H. H., West Virginia:—The editor cannot express an opinion regarding the castration of your horse. There may be something radically wrong, or the breaking out may be from a cause that does not bear upon the work of the veterinarian. Nitric acid is powerful in its action, and acted as a cauterizer, but back of this may be something that needs the attention of a veterinarian, who can give the case personal attention. You should not delay in getting a qualified practitioner. In the meantime, wash with water as warm as the horse will bear and after drying well, apply carbolic acid, 1 part; water, 10 parts; stir well before applying. This may be effective, but if not you should get a veterinarian without delay.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Turpentine for Roup.

Experiments made show that the germs of roup are destroyed when brought in contact with spirits of turpentine. Turpentine, however, is a severe dose to give, even if effectual, and if too much is given it may do damage of itself. To properly prepare it, mix 1 part of spirits of turpentine, 1 part of kerosene and 3 parts of glycerine in a sewing-machine oil can, and always shake well before using. With the point of the oil can force three drops of the mixture in each nostril, and five or six drops down the throat of the fowl twice a day. Roup is a disease that is almost incurable, being contagious, and gradually exhausts the bird, instead if causing instant death. If it appears in the entire flock, the labor of handling the sick birds is often more than the value of the flock, and as roup cannot well be treated on the wholesale plan (that is without handling the fowl), it is cheaper to clean them out, burn the carcasses, thoroughly disinfect and begin anew. The building should be very warm and dry.—Poultry Keeper.

Save This for Lice.

Director Menke (Arkansas, Bulletin 15) reports a new insecticide—or a new combination—which promises well. It is the kerosene extract of pyrethrum. One and one-half gallons of kerosene was soaked through two and one-half pounds of pyrethrum, resulting in a yellowish, oily extract which will not mix with water, but which will form an emulsion with soap similar to kerosene emulsions. One pound of soap dissolved in one gallon of boiling water added to one gallon of the extract, well mixed or churned with a force-pump, made a perfect emulsion which when diluted—one part of emulsion to 450 parts of water—readily killed cotton worms. It seems to combine the properties of kerosene and pyrethrum, and to be more effective than either, easier to handle and cheaper. It will be well for horticulturists to try this extract, as it is very easily prepared. Prof. Menke also experimented with veratrine, which, when mixed one part to sixty-four of flour, was rather more effective than the usual strength of Paris green. Veratrine is obtained from the root of hellebore and from sabadilla seeds. It is a white, crystalline powder, having an acid, burning taste. It is used in ointments for the treatment of neuralgia or rheumatism. The supply at present is limited.

Farm Dairying.

There are a good many requirements for success in managing a farm dairy, says a writer in Practical Farmer. It is saving the little wastes which puts the balance on the right side of the account at the end of the year. Select cows which will test 5 per cent fat in the milk, of whatever breed you choose and use only full blood sires, and you will soon have cows which will do their part toward placing the balance on the profitable side. Give them good food 365 days in the year and plenty of pure water. Provide good pasture in summer and some good soiling crops to feed when the pastures commence to dry up in the early autumn. For a soiling crop I consider corn the best and cheapest. I give them six hills of corn each day after they have become accustomed to it. For my earliest soiling I use Early Cory corn planted in hills 2 1-2x2 1-2 feet apart. It matures sufficiently for feeding in about sixty days from the time of planting and is good for table use as well as for cow feed. Estimate the amount of it you will need for three weeks feeding. Plant enough Early Minnesota sweet corn for the next three weeks and enough Mammoth Sweet to last until winter. Only a small percentage of the dairymen of the country realize the value of sweet corn as a food for milk cows. For winter feed I consider ensilage valuable, furnishing cheap and succulent food. Plant for ensilage the largest growing variety of corn which will mature in your locality. Raise as much of your grain feed on the farm as possible and feed a good grain ration during the winter.

Raising Young Turkeys.

The main points in raising young turkeys are to keep them dry and to guard against lice. Not only the mites attack them, but also the large head lice destroy them. Lice pass from the mother to the young. As soon as they are hatched, dust both the hen and young with fresh insect powder, and rub one drop of sweet oil on the heads. Do this once a week.

Young turkeys should be fed every two hours. They do not eat much at a time, but they eat often. Keep a small box of ground bone where they can reach it, and give water in vessels that will not permit them to get wet. Bear in mind the least dampness to them will be fatal.

Should they droop, look for lice. Nearly one-half the turkeys die from lice. Search closely on the skin of the head and neck of each, and use as a remedy one or two drops of sweet oil. Too much grease of any kind is injurious to them. Have the coops and runs clean.

Do not feed them until they are 36 hours old. Then give curds and stale bread, the bread being first dipped in fresh milk. Finely-chopped, hard-boiled eggs once a day may be given, and an egg, broken, and the contents well beaten into a gill of fresh milk, which may be warmed (not boiled), and thickened with bread, is excellent. Chopped onions may also be added to the mixture. Give them anything that they will eat. They are very dainty, and will not accept all kinds of food. Wheat and cracked corn may also be kept before them.

Until they "shoot the red," which will be when they are ten or twelve weeks old, they will be tender, but after that time they will be hardy. They must be allowed to forage and help themselves. The good care at first, in keeping them dry and free from lice will bring the loss down to a minimum, and though it may be tedious work, yet nothing pays better than a good crop of turkeys.—Farm and Fireside.

—To cure nervousness your nerves must be fed by pure blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood. Take it now.

MASTODONS SEEN IN ALASKA.

Ivory Tusks and Teeth as Large as Men Can Carry.

The Stickeen Indians positively assert that within the last five years they have frequently seen animals which, from the descriptions given, must be mastodons. Last spring while out hunting, one of these Indians came across a series of large tracks, each the size of the bottom of a salt barrel, sunk deep in the moss.

He followed the curious trail for some miles, finally coming out in full view of his game. As a class these Indians are the bravest of hunters, but the proportions of this new species of game filled the hunter with terror, and he took to swift and immediate flight.

He described the creature as being as large as a post-trader's store, with great shining, yellowish-white tusks and a mouth large enough to swallow a man at a single gulp. He further says that the animal was undoubtedly of the same species as those whose bones and tusks lie all over that section of the country. The fact that other hunters have told of seeing these monsters browsing on the herbs up along the river gives a certain probability to the story.

Over on Forty-mile creek bones of mastodons are quite plentiful. One ivory tusk nine feet long projects from one of the sand dunes on that creek, and single teeth have been found that were so large that they would be a good load for one man to carry. I believe that the mule-footed hog still exists; also that live mastodons play tag with the aurora every night on Forty mile creek in Alaska.

WHEN TRAVELING

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

Love's Young Dream.

Young Man (gazing dreamily at the candy case in fancy grocery store)—I—I wish to—to get something real nice for a young lady, but I hardly know what to select.
Grocer (briskly)—Very young?
"'Bout seventeen."
"Still going to boarding school?"
"Yes, sir."
"John, show this gentleman to the pickle counter."—Texas Siftings.

A Valid Objection.

"What do you think of annexing Canada and Mexico to the United States?"
"Bad scheme. Our climate varies too much already."—Exchange.

Let Off.

"It cost Columbus only about $8,000 to discover America."
"Is that all? Then he certainly did not tip the waiters."—Truth.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Talmage's Sermon.

A SERMON FOR COMMERCIAL CIRCLES.

How Men of Business Are Tempted to Neglect Home Duties and the Welfare of Their Souls.

Rev. Dr. Talmage selected as his subject for this week a topic of the greatest interest and timeliness, viz: "Comfort for Business Men," the text being Isaiah xl. 2: "Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem."

What an awful six weeks in commercial circles! The crashing of banks from San Francisco to New York, and from ocean to ocean. The complete uncertainty that has halted all style of business for three months, and the pressure of the money market for the last year have put all bargain makers at their wit's end. Some of the best men in the land have faltered; men whose hearts are enlisted in every good work, and whose hands have blessed every great charity. The church of God can afford to extend to them her sympathies, and plead before heaven with all availing prayer. The schools such men have established, the churches they have built, the asylums and benificent institutions they have fostered, will be their eulogy long after their banking institutions are forgotten. Such men can never fail. They have their treasures in banks that never break, and will be millionaires forever. The stringency of the money market, I am glad to say, begins to relax. May the wisdom of Almighty God come down upon our National Legislature at their convening next month in Washington and such results be reached as shall restore confidence, and revive trade, and multiply prosperities! Yet, not only now in the time of financial disaster, but all through life our active business people have a struggle, and I think it will be appropriate and useful for me to talk about their trials and try to offer some curative prescriptions.

In the first place, I have to remark that a great many of our business men feel ruinous trials and temptations coming to them from small and limited capital in business. It is everywhere understood that it takes now three or four times as much to do business well as once it did. Once a few hundred dollars were turned into goods—the merchant would be in his own store sweeper, his own salesman, his own bookkeeper; he would manage all the affairs himself, and everything would be net profit. Wonderful changes have come; costly apparatus, extensive advertising, exorbitant store rents, heavy taxation, expensive agencies, are only parts of the demand made upon our commercial men; and when they have found themselves in such circumstances with small capital they have sometimes been tempted to run against the rocks of moral and financial destruction. This temptation of limited capital has ruined men in two ways. Sometimes they have shrunk down under the temptation. They have yielded the battle before the first shot was fired. At the first hard gun they surrendered. Their knees knocked together at the fall of the auctioneer's hammer. They blanched at the financial peril. They did not understand that there is such a thing as heroism in merchandise, and that there are Waterloos of the counter, and that a man can fight no braver battle with the sword than he can with the yard-stick. Their souls melted in them because sugars were up when they wanted to buy and down when they wanted to sell, and unsalable goods were on the shelf, and bad debts in their ledger. The gloom of their countenances overshadowed even their dry goods and groceries.

Despondency, coming from limited capital, blasted them. Others have felt it in a different way. They have said: "Here I have been trying to be honest all these years. I find it of no use. Now it is make or break." The small craft that could have stood the stream, is put out beyond the lighthouse, on the great sea of speculation. Stocks are the dice with which he gambles. He bought for a few dollars vast tracts of Western land. Some man at the East living on a fat homestead, meets this gambler of fortune, and is persuaded to trade off his estate here, for lots in a Western city with large avenues and costly palaces, and lake steamers smoking at the wharves, and railtrains coming down with lightning speed from every direction. There it is all on paper! The city has never been built, nor the railroads constructed, but everything points that way, and the thing will be done as sure as you live. And that is the process by which many have been tempted, through limitation of capital, into labyrinths from which they could not be extricated. I would not want to chain honest enterprise. I would not want to block any of the avenues for honest accumulation that open before young men. On the contrary, I would like to cheer them on and rejoice when they reach the goal; but when there are such multitudes of men going to ruin for this life and the life that is to come, through wrong notions of what are lawful spheres of enterprise, it is the duty of the ministers of religion, and the friends of all young men, to utter a plain, emphatic, unmistakable protest. These are the influences that drown men in destruction and perdition.

Again, a great many of our business men are tempted to over-anxiety and care. You know that nearly all commercial businesses are overdone in this day. Smitten with the love of quick gain, our cities are crowded with men resolved to be rich at all hazards. They do not care how money comes. Our best merchants are thrown into competition with the men of more means and less conscience, and if an opportunity of accumulation be neglected one hour, some one else picks it up. From January to December the struggles go on. Night gives no quiet to limbs tossing in restlessness, nor to a brain that will not stop thinking. The dreams are harrowed by imaginary loss, and flushed with imaginary gains. Even the Sabbath cannot dam back the stride of anxiety; for this wave of worldliness dashes clear over the churches, and leaves its foam on Bibles and prayer-books. Men who are living on salaries, or by the culture of the soil, cannot understand the wear and tear of body and mind to which our merchants are subjected, when they do not know but that their livelihood and their business honor are dependent upon the uncertainties of the next hour. This excitement of the brain, this corroding care of the heart, this strain of effort that exhausts the spirit, sends a great many of our best men, in mid-life, into the grave. They find that Wall street does not end at the East River. It ends at Greenwood! Their life dashed out against money safes. They go with their store on their backs. They trudge, like camels, sweating, from Aleppo to Damascus. They make their life a crucifixion. Standing behind desks and counters banished from the fresh air, weighed down by carking cares, they are so many suicides.

Again I remark, that many of our business men are tempted to neglect their home duties. How often it is that the store and the home seem to clash, but there ought not to be any collision. It is often the case that the father is the mere treasurer of the family, a sort of agent to see that they have dry goods and groceries. The work of family government he does not touch. Once or twice in the year he calls the children up on a Sabbath afternoon when he has a half hour he does not exactly know what to do with, and in that half hour he disciplines the children, and chides them and corrects their faults, and gives them a great deal of good advice, and then wonders all the rest of the year that his children do not do better, when they have the wonderful advantage of that semi-annual castigation. The family table, which ought to be the place for pleasant discussion and cheerfulness, often becomes the place of perilous expedition. If there is any blessing asked at all, it is cut off at both ends, and with the hand on the carving knife. He counts on his fingers, making estimates in the interstices of the repast. The work done, the hat goes to the head, and he starts down the street, and before the family have risen from the table, he has bound up another bundle of goods, and says to the customer, "Anything more I can do for you to-day, sir?" A man has more responsibilities than those which are discharged for putting competent instructors over his children, and giving them a drawing master and music teacher. The physical culture of the child will not be attended to, unless the father looks to it. He must sometimes lose his dignity. He must unlimber his joints. He must sometimes lead them out to their sports and games. The parent who cannot forget the severe duties of life sometimes, to fly the kite, and trundle the hoop, and chase the ball, and jump the rope with his children, ought never to have been tempted out of a crusty and unredeemable solitariness. If you want to keep your children away from places of sin, you can only do it by making your home attractive. You may preach sermons, and advocate reforms, and denounce wickedness, and yet your children will be captivated by the glittering saloon of sin, unless you can make your home a brighter place than any other place on earth to them. Oh! gather all charms into your house. If you can afford it, bring books and pictures, and cheerful entertainments to the household. But, above all, teach those children, not by half an hour twice a year on the Sabbath day, but day after day, and every day teach them that religion is a great gladness, that throws chains of gold about the neck, that it makes no spring from the foot, no blitheness from the heart, no sparkle from the eye, no ring from the laughter; but that "her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace." I sympathize with the work being done in many of our cities, by which beautiful rooms are set apart by our Young Men's Christian Associations, and I pray God to prosper them in all things. But I tell you there is something back of that and before that. We need more happy, consecrated, cheerful Christian homes in America.

Again I remark that a great many of our business men are tempted to put the attainment of money above the value of the soul. It is a grand thing to have plenty of money. The more you get of it, the better, if it come honestly and go usefully. For the lack of it, sickness dies without medicine, and hunger finds its coffin in the empty bread tray, and nakedness shivers for lack of clothes and fire. When I hear a man in canting tirade against money—a Christian man—as though it had no possible use on earth and he had no interest in it, I come almost to think that the heaven that would be appropriate for him would be an everlasting poorhouse! While, my friends, we do admit there is such a thing as the lawful use of money—a profitable use of money—let us recognize also the fact that money cannot satisfy a man's soul, that it cannot glitter in the dark valley, that it cannot pay our fare across the Jordan of death, that it cannot unlock the gate of heaven. There are men in all occupations who seem to act as though they thought a pack of bonds and mortgages could be traded off for a title to heaven, and as though gold would be a lawful tender in that place where it is so common that they make pavements out of it. Salvation by Christ is the only salvation. Treasures in heaven are the only incorruptible treasures. Have you ever ciphered out in the rule of Loss and Gain the sum: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" However fine your apparel, the winds of death will flutter it like rags. Homespun and a threadbare coat have sometimes been the shadow of coming robes made white in the blood of the Lamb. The pearl of great price is worth more than any gem you can bring from the ocean, than Australian or Brazilian mines strung in one carcanet. Seek after God: find his righteousness, and all will be well here; all shall be well hereafter.

God launched this world 6,000 years ago. It has been going on under freight of mountains and immortals; but one day it will stagger at the cry of fire. The timbers of rock will burn, the mountains flame like masts, and the clouds like sails in the judgment hurricane. Then God shall take the passengers off the deck, and from the berths those who have long been asleep in Jesus, and he will set them far beyond the reach of storm and peril. But how many shall go down, that will never be known, until it shall be announced one day in heaven; the shipwreck of a world! Oh, my dear hearers, whatever you lose, though your houses go, though your lands go, though all your earthly possessions perish, may God Almighty, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, save all your souls.

The Approaching Dinner Hour

Is fraught with no pleasant anticipations for the unhappy mortal plagued with dyspepsia. Appetite seldom, discomfort after and between meals, always is his portion. Heartburn and flatulence subsequent to eating, a gnawing at the pit of the stomach before it, are only a few among the woes arising from this truly impish complaint. Sick headache, nervousness, constipation and biliousness are its diabolical offspring. Each and all of them are annihilated by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which tones the gastric organs and regulates the liver and the bowels with certainty and promptitude. Chills and fever, kidney trouble, rheumatism and neuralgia are also remedied by this medicine of rare purity and comprehensive uses. Invalids of all kinds are greatly and swiftly benefited by it.

SHADOWS.

Shadows come and shadows go—
All the world is full of shadows;
Many hardly deem them so
And pursue them, two and two,
In the springtime, through the meadows.

Love is not the only aim
All mankind are seen pursuing—
Pleasure, fortune, glory, fame;
Failing these, the quest renewing
After shadows, just the same.

Shadows come and shadows go;
Sorrow does not stay forever;
Time rolls on with ceaseless flow,
Pleasures pass, but so does woe—
Go thy way, complaining never.
—Chambers' Journal.

JOHN RANDOLPH TUCKER,

President of the American Bar Association.

The sixteenth annual gathering of the American Bar association, beginning in Milwaukee August 30, and adjourning September 1, will be presided over by the Hon. John Randolph Tucker, of Virginia.

Mr. Tucker was born in Winchester, Va., on December 24, 1823; re-

JOHN RANDOLPH TUCKER.

ceived a classical education, and was graduated from the University of Virginia in 1843; he then took up the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in 1845.

In both 1852 and 1856 Mr. Tucker was made a Presidential elector; in 1857 he was elected attorney general of his state, and re-elected to the same office in 1859 and 1863. In 1870 he was elected professor of law and equity in Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Ky.

Without making himself a candidate, he received 10,708 votes against Johnson's 5,707 votes, for admission into the Forty-fourth Congress, and was afterwards re-elected to the Forty-fifth Congress.

Yes—Perhaps.

Boston Globe:—The old parliament house in Dublin will have a peculiar interest for tourists in Ireland this summer.

THE LIARS' CLUB.

A man up in Greene County, Minn., every time he gets full, pays a year's subscription to the local paper. He's paid up to 1937 already.

At Ardmore, Pa., the bushes along the Darby creek are dying. Herbert A. Enochs says its because the carp, in jumping out of the water after flies, accidentally bite off the branches and bark. The bushes are "barked" for miles.

Out in Colorado a Cincinnati man was building a sawmill in freezing weather, and having occasion to turn out a bar five feet long ran out and got a long stick for the purpose. He cut it off to the right length and put it on the lathe, when it began to thaw out and proved to be a mighty big rattlesnake.

Miles O'Kenna of Scranton, Pa., has a very wonderful pig whose appetite is the marvel of the neighborhood. Recently after the pig had eaten a bucketful of swill, Mr. O'Kenna put the animal into the bucket, which he did not fill.

The usual mermaid story has been improved upon in the Orkneys, where a merwoman has appeared, bringing with her a mermaid, merboy, merbaby, merkid or whatd'yecallit.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold by F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs FREE

The Camp Fire.

A Thrilling Experience.

Editor Camp Fire:—I am a native of Alabama, and was reared in Mississippi. At the beginning of the war of the rebellion I was much abused by the rebs on account of my politics. I was dragged around and robbed of every convenience. I finally made my escape, and succeeded in getting to Corinth, Miss., where I enlisted in the Seventh Kansas cavalry, on November 26, 1863. In the following January I was detached by Gen. Stevenson for a tour of secret and recruiting service in Alabama.

I selected three good men to go with me, James Braswell, 1st Mississippi Rifles, James Webb and Billy Estell, 1st Alabama regiment. After satisfactorily equipping my little squad, we started on our hazardous mission. We soon arrived at a point near Moscow, Ala., a distance of about 100 miles from Corinth. Here there were rebs at every cross roads. I gave Webb and Estell one section to work, while Braswell and I took another. One morning about the dawn of day, Braswell and I found that we were under a new command. A company of gray coats asked us to submit to their ruling. After a short consideration we decided that we could do no better just then. Our hands were tied behind us and we were marched to Fayette Court House, Ala., a distance of 24 miles. Here we were court martialed, and sentenced to death for acting as spies, but through the aid of the good Lord, we disappointed this plot by an escape on the night before we were to be executed.

Our prison had three doors, front partition and back. There were two guards placed at each door. At night the corporal examined us every 15 minutes. We were tied with ropes. Our hands were tied together in front, the rope extending around our arms and bodies, thus bringing us close together, almost as a pair of Siamese twins. Our only way of rest was to back against the wall, and ease down to a sitting posture on the floor. We could not sleep, owing to our seeming unpleasant future.

We decided that we had rather die (if it must be) in an attempt to free ourselves, than to be tied and shot. We agreed by whisper. I was to lead and tackle one of the front guards, and my comrade the other, and if possible procure their guns. Now comes the corporal, 1:30 a. m.; this was his last inspection, but neither of us bade him good night when he departed. Having but fifteen minutes to get ready for the act, we were quickly out of the ropes. Now for the guns! We did our work so quietly it was a great surprise to the guard; it was a simultaneous move. The door opened and I carried both men before me with one blow, and located them, guns and all, in a deep gully which led by the prison door. We did not get a gun. We tried our propellers and found their capacity good. There was a hotel, by which we had to go to make good our escape. The man who kept the house was an old extremist and a lover of secession. He had a mastiff in his yard. The yelling of the men in the gully, and the thunder of the other guard and relief informed the old man that the "Yanks" were doing something; he did not dress, but turned out the dog, and to encourage ran with him. We could but meet them.

We had got about twenty paces when the first volley was fired, which caused the dog to beat a hasty retreat, and on the turn we collided with the old man, who stood on his head for a time. We laughed, notwithstanding. As soon as the old fellow could recover, he coincided with his dog, and we accompanied the two some distance.

The moon shone brightly, and the firing continued until we were at a safe distance. God directing the missiles of death, we came out unhurt.

We were once more free men, at least we felt as such. Now, we were very hungry, and more than tired of prison life. We traveled North, and through a strange country; it was some time before we met an acquaintance where we got refreshments. Here we commenced recruiting. I soon had quite a company of white and colored men. In the meantime Corinth was evacuated by our army, so I had to come out via East Port, Paducah, and Cairo, to get to Memphis, where I expected to meet my regiment, a great many of whom, with myself, had veteranized at Corinth.

On my arrival at Memphis I found that my regiment had gone to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, leaving the non-veterans only at Memphis. Eager to resume my hazardous service, on account of my friends (as well as the love for the flag of my country), I got authority from Gen. Buckland, at Memphis, on the 12th of March, 1864, and started again. I recruited many good men, and got several poor families to where they could get food and raiment. My exposure was so great that my health failed. I had a physician summoned, who advised me to take no more exposure, and that the navy would be the better place for me.

When I recovered, not knowing the whereabouts of my comrades, I entered the naval service on the 16th of May, 1864, without a discharge from the army, and I found that branch of service a palace, comparatively. The effects of my exposure are with me to-day, that, and wounds received from the hands of traitors to our country, have made me an invalid for life. I am getting a pension, and hope it will continue, but alas! I hope to live and be able to contribute to the good old Camp Fire. I have some fuel left that is good. I will be pleased to hear from my old comrades through the Camp Fire.—John T. Lowry, Co. K, 7th Kan. Cav.

Criticisms and Suggestions.

Editor Camp Fire:—I have been toasting my shins around the Camp Fire for a long time, and perhaps it would be well for me to bring something to replenish it.

As all the fences are built of barbed wire and will not burn freely, I will bring a lump of coal, and, to give it a good start I will bring along a can of our oil. Now, while my coffee is boiling, I want to tell the boys that there are some things in the Camp Fire that I do not like.

This way the boys have of all the time "ding donging" it into our ears that we are getting old and must soon lay aside the things of this life and take up the cares of another. I emphatically deny the mild accusation. It is true that I have lived more than half a century. But still I claim to be only in my prime. Of course I have had a bullet through my arm and in my side, and Uncle Samuel pays me the munificent sum of $6 a month for it. If it was not for that I could hope to live another half century.

Come, now, boys, I would much rather be 50 years young than 30 years old. Let us be as young as we can and not let our enemies think we are totteing on the brink of the grave. For we all know that if "Old Glory" was assailed the army that could be raised among the boys who donned the blue from '86 to 186[illegible] would be of no mean proportions.

Another thing in the Camp Fire that looks rather bad to me are so many articles signed only by initials. It may be the editor's idea; if so I have nothing to say.

I, too, comrades, am strongly opposed to recruiting the G. A. R. with any new material. Let our sons honor the cause for which we gave so much. Now, comrades who favor the admission, stop and think what a dire calamity you may be proposing for your sons.

Remember that Cleveland has been President twice during our day, and in all probability there will be another Cleveland when we have gone to join the majority. Knowing as well as we do how little use there is for a G. A. R. in this administration, why set a snare for the feet of our posterity?

Lessons must be learned. There is a cute saying that experience teaches a dear school, and fools learn in no other. I think we will have a good lesson by 1896, which may last for a while. But new generations will still come on the boards. And as the young will not take wisdom from the experience of those who have gone before, therefore, history will continue to repeat itself.

It is necessary that the human family should have reverses or it would not know how to enjoy prosperity. The same holds good with governments. We had prosperity and did not know it. I think it may be made quite clear before it returns.—Dan T. Edwards.

His First Paper Collar.

Editor Camp Fire:—Early on the morning of the 10th of September, 1863, I was marching along with a detail from the Third brigade of the Third division of the Seventh Army corps. We were near the Arkansas river, ten miles below Little Rock, and were on our way to cut down the bank so our artillery could get on the pontoon which was to be put down. While we were on our way I found a paper collar lying at the side of the road, and put it on, saying I might as well have some style about me. The collar was tight, and the boys had considerable fun at my expense and wondered how I could put on so much style, as we were expecting an engagement that morning and it was no time for style.

About sunrise I saw across on the sandbar two rebel cavalrymen, and as the pontoon was nearly completed I concluded to take a little stroll over the way. About the time I reached the farther shore a rebel battery opened on us, and of all the scampering to get off a bridge you ever saw it was then, and that collar seemed to get tighter and tighter and at last to my relief it broke, and that was the first and last paper collar I ever wore.—John Walker, Co. K, 106 Ill. Infit.

An Afflicted Soldier.

Editor Camp Fire:—I thought I would bring a mesquite chunk from Texas to keep the fire burning. I enlisted in 1862, in the 4th Tenn., Cav. I was active and strong. I served eight months and four days in Cahaba prison, where we waded water waist deep and built rafts to cook our bread on, and green pine poles to cook with. I returned home afflicted and not able to work over half my time. I am now blind. My wife and I are living on $12 a month pension money, with the help of our son. Some of the comrades must have forgotten their hardships when they voted last year. It does not seem to me that times are getting any better under this administration.—James Taylor.

Who Will Tell the Story?

Editor Camp Fire:—Will some comrade give the particulars of the execution of one Col. Osborn and a subordinate officer, near Triune, Tenn. I think in the summer of 1863? He came under that name as inspecting officer, but was found out to be a rebel before he got away. I have the impression that Garfield had control of the matter, as Rosecrans's chief of staff. Should be glad to know the facts in this affair.—J. Montgomery, Co. A, 2d Ind. Cav.

FOR A SLEEP PRODUCER
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. J. E. LOCKRIDGE, Indianapolis, Ind., says: "From my experience I would say that as a nerve restorer in cases of exhaustion from any cause, and as a hypnotic and inducer of sleep, it is of the greatest value."

RINGING SOUND IN THE EARS.

In Many Cases That is the First Indication of Coming Deafness.

The normal ear is capable of hearing considerably better than is necessary for the ordinary purposes of civilization; in fact, is endowed with what may be termed "superfluous hearing." Proper tests will discover the loss of even a small portion of this superfluous hearing and warn us that we are gradually becoming deaf—in fact, already partially deaf—although we may not have noticed the slightest deficiency. This is referred to by the Popular Science Monthly as explaining why it is that many victims of certain forms of chronic deafness believe their complaint to have been sudden in its beginning, when in reality it has been progressing for several years; the longer time having been occupied by the gradual loss of the "superfluous hearing," and the patient's attention not having been directed to his affliction until the "necessary hearing" was encroached upon. The great majority of all forms of deafness are dependent upon and directly resultant from affections of the nose and throat. The earliest symptoms of beginning deafness in many cases is a ringing sound in the ears. Many patients describe it as a noise all through the head rather than in the ear itself. It is at first intermittent and occasional. The ringing may be present for some time, scarcely perceptible, when suddenly the sound will change, becoming much louder, and the notes jumping high up in the scale where it will continue to ring quite loudly for some minutes, and gradually die away, to appear again some time afterward. It may reappear in a few hours, as the trouble with the ear progresses. Ringing in the ears may also be the prelude to an attack of earache; but it is here very soon followed by pain, which so predominates over the ringing that it is no longer heard. If the hearing is properly tested just as soon as the ringing in the ear has become more or less constant, some degree of deafness will be detected. As the case progresses, even before all the so-called superfluous hearing has been destroyed, the patient will realize that he is becoming deaf.

For this condition there is nothing to be done by the patient himself. Advice from a physician should be obtained just as soon as diminution of hearing is suspected. Much can be accomplished, however, by the patient toward preventing the deafness becoming worse. Careful attention should be devoted to the general health, to keep the nose and throat in as healthy condition as possible—to prevent "taking cold," especially colds in the head. Exposure to changes of weather should be avoided; the feet never being allowed to become wet, or if they do become wet the shoes and stockings should be changed for dry ones as soon as possible. Turkish baths and plenty of outdoor exercise are strongly recommended to stimulate the circulation and inure the system to changes of weather.

In Memory of Jenny Lind.

A medallion to the memory of Jenny Lind is to be placed in Westminster Abbey.

Another Letter to Women.

May 25, '92, Syracuse, N. Y.

"Dear Madam:

"I want to tell you what you[r] *Vegetable Compound* and Sa[n]ative Wash have done for me.

"I was so bad with falling o[f] the womb and Leucorrhœ[a] that I could not stand.

"I had doctored so muc[h] without benefit I was entire[ly] discouraged. I expected to di[e].

"One evening I read in th[e] 'Herald' about your medicin[e]. I got some, and took 2 bottl[es] of the Compound, and used on[e] of the Sanative Wash.

"I am now well and stron[g], am never troubled with eith[er] of the complaints. If mor[e] women would use your Compound, there would be less suffering in the world."—*Mrs. Ida Casler, 126 Olive St.*

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS. *Liver Pills, 25 cents.*

Yours for Health, Lydia E. Pinkham

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Silver Solution for Electro Plating.

J. W. H., Frankfort, O., asks how to make a silver solution for electroplating. A good silver solution for electroplating white metal and brass is made by dissolving one pint oxide of silver in eight parts cyanide of potassium and 64 parts water. Oxide of silver is made by precipitating a solution of the nitrate by a dissolved alkali like potassa or baryta. The best and cheapest method of making up the silver solution is by the battery, which saves all expense of acids and labor of precipitation as follows:

To prepare a silver solution which is intended to have an ounce of silver to the gallon, dissolve 123 ounces cyanide of potassium in 100 gallons water; get one or two flat porous vessels, submerge them in this solution to within half an inch of the rim, and fill them to the same height with the solution; in these porous vessels place small plates or sheets of iron or copper, and connect them with the zinc pole of a battery; in the solution outside the shallow vessels place a sheet or sheets of silver connected with the silver pole of the battery. This arrangement being made at night, and the power employed being a Smee's battery of 6 cells, the zincs 7 inches square, it will be found in the morning that there will be dissolved 60 or 89 ounces of silver from the sheets. The solution is now ready for use; and by observing that the articles to be plated have less surface than the silver plate forming the positive electrode, for the first two days, the solution will then have the proper quantity of silver in it. Occasionally a little silver is found in the porous cell; it is therefore not advisable to throw away the solution in them without first testing it for silver, which is done by adding a little muriatic acid to it. The amateur electrotypist may, from this description, make up a small quantity of solution for silvering his medals or figures. For example, a half-ounce of silver to the gallon of solution will do very well: a small quantity may be prepared in little more than an hour. As the cyanide of potassium dissolves silver without the aid of a battery, a plating liquor may be formed by merely allowing a piece of silver to steep in this solution for a few days; but this is tedious and uncertain, although for small operations, and where porous vessels are not convenient, it will serve the purpose.

Petroleum.

M. B., Los Banos, Cal., asks us to "describe the indications of petroleum, what kind of soil is passed through, what the oil sand is, and also the Trenton rock, and what the indications are before reaching oil?"

Your question is one that cannot be answered in part, with any degree of satisfaction to yourself, for the reason that indications vary according to the locality. Here in Ohio drillers drill through eleven or twelve hundred feet of drift, clay and limestone, before the oil bearing sand is reached. The conditions, stratum of the earth, etc., would undoubtedly be different in California. "Oil sand" is a misnomer. Petroleum is not found in sand, but in a very porous rock, which permits the gathering of large quantities of petroleum in certain places. Most of the oil in the Ohio and Pennsylvania fields is found in the Trenton rock. This rock is of an exceedingly porous nature, and takes its name from the fact that it crops out of the earth at Trenton, N. J., and trends westerly, being reached at various depths. Petroleum is also found in some localities in the Niagara limestone, which is so called from the fact that it is exposed to the surface at Niagara Falls, N. Y. In drilling for petroleum there are not generally any indications as to where oil will be found until suddenly the oil rock is pierced by the drill, thus permitting the oil to be forced to the surface, either by the force of the volume or by the gas.

Comtism.

J. P. S., Armour, N. C., asks: "What is Comtism?"

Comtism takes its name from Auguste Comte, a French philosopher, who was born in Montpelier, France, in 1798. He founded the system of positivism, overlooking in his belief the religious and sentimental side of nature. Comte's scheme of thought is so immense that abridgement is almost impossible. His first position was that the human mind passed through three stages of development, the theological, in which the phenomena of nature are imputed to the active agency of the gods; second, the metaphysical, in which the gods are made to give place to certain abstract entities and quiddities, called "nature," "harmony," "number," etc.; and third, the positive, or scientific, in which it is discovered that man can know nothing of causes, and is only able to refer phenomena to their general laws of existence or succession. Arrived at this stage science is born, and knowledge no longer baffled by the inscrutable, or misled by the imaginary, advances through one generalization after another, to a comprehensive perception of the universe as a whole. The sciences are all arranged in order, and a formula of worship of humanity by means of homages and festivals to illustrious representatives was arranged. He reformed the calendar, and called the months after illustrious benefactors.

Free Coinage.

D. M., Liberty Center, O.: There was no need of your saying that you "have not the money question solved;" your letter gives conclusive proof of that. When The Blade, in answering a Minnesota Populist, showed that with the government buying the entire product (except that used in the arts) of our own silver mines, the price declined, how could we hope to handle the silver of the whole world? The history of finance is full of examples of the working of Gresham's law—that where two coins of the same face value, but of different intrinsic values, are circulated side by side, "the less valuable will drive out the more valuable, and value will be measured by the intrinsic worth of the less valuable coin." That would be, in a 52 or 54 cent silver dollar. To deliberately take a step that would do this would be deliberate scoundrelism.

Health of Mankind.

L. H., Bay City, Ill., says: "Do health statistics show that the increased knowledge of hygiene and modern methods used in sanitary regulations has resulted in a corresponding increase in length of life?

"Has the rate of mortality increased or decreased in ratio to the increase of population?"

To your first question we unhesitatingly answer yes. In France, within the past three decades, life has been increased an average of three years, and in other civilized countries proportionately.

As to the second question, the ratio of mortality, in proportion to population, is undoubtedly decreasing. For more complete information read the editorial in the Weekly Blade of July 19, entitled "The World's Coming Problem."

Rare Coins.

J. H. H., Hecla, Ariz.: We do not deal in rare or old coins at all. We simply tell our subscribers what such coins as they may have are worth. There is no premium offered by dealers on the copper cent of 1838.

M. G. T., Goodland, Kan.: The silver half dollar of 1856 bears no premium.

A. C., Somerset, Ill.: The statement you refer to was turned around, by a blunder of the compositor. We have corrected it at least a dozen times since. The silver quarter of 1853, WITHOUT arrow-heads at the sides of the date, is worth $4; with arrow-heads, it is worth only its face. We don't handle old coins in any shape; we have not time to bother with them.

Books and Authors.

W. B. C., West Line, Mo.: To get a book copyrighted, you send two copies of the title-page, which you can have printed separate from the book itself, with the fee. To perfect the copyright, you must file two copies of the book as soon as it is printed. This protects the author fully, of course. There are no regular terms from authors to publishers. A well-known and popular author gets a very good percentage; an unknown author is often required to pay for putting the book in type and printing the first edition—usually 1,000 copies. In fact, the rule is to send the MS. to publisher after publisher, and when you find one willing to issue it, accept his terms.

Oil on the Water.

D. C. B., Alliance, W. Va., asks, "why oil is poured on the water during a heavy storm at sea?"

Oil is poured on the water during storms for the purpose of calming the water. It is well known that the waves on the sea are caused by the wind coming in contact with the water, and if oil is spread over the water the air finds a surface for which it has little adhesion, and glides easily over it. The peculiar motions of camphor on water, belongs to the same class of phenomena.

A Mineral Specimen.

A. P., Norwoodville, Ark.: The mineral specimen you send is iron sulphide, called also iron pyrites, or "fool's gold." It is a compound of iron and sulphur. Powder some of it, sprinkle on a red-hot shovel, and the sulphur will burn off, leaving iron oxide. It is of no value unless found in large beds. It is used in the manufacture of sulphuric acid, we believe.

Cherokee Claims.

M. J. Y., Soldier, Ky., writes that there are agents in that neighborhood, fixing up claims for persons who can prove they have Cherokee blood, by which each will receive $350 out of the money paid by the government for the Cherokee strip. Will some reader who is posted explain this matter quickly in a letter for publication?

Short Answers.

J. M. B., Duncan's Bridge, Mo.: We don't know.

W. J. G., Winona, Mo.: Send a letter of inquiry to the "Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C."

L. W. D., Le Grand, Iowa: Send your name as required in rules above, and repeat your query, if you want an answer.

G. M., South Bend, Ind.: Your query has been handed to the editor of the Farmstead. Look in that department for reply.

J. H. H., Udall, Kan., wants a recipe to stop calves' horns from growing. We know of none. Does any reader know of any?

V. A. C., Circleville, O: The last war between Prussia and Austria occurred in 1866. Prussia was arrayed against Austria and Italy.

W. F. D., Stilesville, Ind.: The book you mention has been out of print for years. You would have to advertise for a second-hand copy.

F. G. E., Napoleon, Mich.: We are not familiar with the state laws of Michigan. Ask some justice of the peace to look it up in his copy of the laws.

J. L., Union Vale, O.: Perhaps the best primary instruction on the silver question we can offer is the editorial article headed "Some Primal Facts," at top of 6th column, 4th page, Weekly Blade of July 13, 1893.

J. R. M., Y. Z., Tenn.: The United States Treasury pays out gold for Treasury notes of 1890, which is what we suppose you to mean. Silver certificates are a different thing. They are mere certificate of deposit of silver dollars in the Treasury, as you will see by reading the face of one of them.

S. R., Fisher, Pa.: All the money the government derives from internal revenue, from customs, and all other sources, goes into the Treasury in one sum. It is not kept separate. What you mean is this: that the amount received from internal revenue taxation on tobacco and liquors is more than the annual expenditure for pensions.

W. B. C., Cedarville, N. J.: Where a man goes security for the rent of a house occupied by another, and the latter fails to pay, the security can be made to pay each month's rent as it becomes due, until the year is up—unless there is some decision of a court in your state modifying this; and you will have to go to a lawyer to find that out. So you see our answer is really not authoritative; and that is the reason we don't wish such questions sent us.

SICK HEADACHE Positively Cured by these Little Pills. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable Price 25 cents. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

The Glitter of White Teeth.

Beautified by fragrant SOZODONT, behind a dark mustache, makes sad havoc with the ladies and teeth thus impearled in the mouth of a pretty girl, are fatal to the peace of bachelors.

APPEALED TO THE PRESIDENT.

How a Southern Woman Retained Her Department Position.

Southern women are celebrated for the demand they make on the services of men, but it is seldom that one carries her troubles to the White House and appeals to the chivalry of the President.

President Cleveland has become noted for withstanding the assaults of Senators, Representatives and politicians, refusing to meddle in their behalf with the members of his official household. He is not a man of weak nerve or faltering backbone, but he went down like a lily of the valley before the sun Saturday when brought face to face with Mrs. Filewellyn Smith.

Mrs. Smith is a Virginian, and has all the quiet dignity which belongs to the Southern women of the old school. Even though compelled to work for a living for over fifteen years, she possesses that hauteur yet gentleness which characterizes the historic emblems of the old South, says the Washington news.

Once hostess of a Southern manor, she became numbered among the impoverished at the close of the civil strife. She struggled on until she determined that the Government must provide for her, inasmuch as it had been the cause of her financial downfall.

She sought President Grant one day, and, in her quiet and courtly manner, asked to be given a place in one of the Departments. She made her request in a way that precluded the possibility of a denial, and was sent to the War Department with a note to Secretary of War Belknap, to make a place, if he didn't have one, for Mrs. Smith. She has been there ever since.

During that time her eyes have grown weak and her hands faltering.

Secretary Lamont found her almost incapacitated for her duties. In as quiet a way as possible he made it known that she had beter resign and lead a retired life. Mrs. Smith, however, had no idea of quitting her post.

Most of her contemporaries having gone, she decided to appeal to the President to interest himself in her behalf.

Never doubting her right, as she had done under Grant, she called at the White House, irrespective of hours. Of course, she met with the usual answer, that the President could not see her.

Determined not to be baffled in her efforts, she learned that she could see him on his reception days. So, on his last reception day Mrs. Smith went to the White House again. She waited to be the last in line in order not to be hurried when her turn should come.

Finally it did.

When Mr. Cleveland observed a woman with white hair and black bombazine approaching he at once thought of the long line of women who had preceded her, all asking for executive clemency for father, sister, son or brother.

On reaching the President, Mrs. Smith said in her sweet way that at once attracted the attention of the big man:

"I have called before, but you declined to see me. That was more than Mr. Grant ever did, and he was a Republican."

The President smiled at the reference, but remarked politely:

"I did not hear of it or——"

"Well, I am glad to hear that. I did not suppose that you did."

"What can I do for you, madam?" said Cleveland, growing a little irritated at the quiet, yet impressive rebuke.

Mrs. Smith then told her mission; how she had been appointed by the enemy, and now her friends were going to discharge her.

"I have nothing to do with it, madam. Mr. Lamont is the one for you to see."

"Do you not know Mr. Lamont?" she asked in all simpleness.

"Certainly," with a smile.

"And are you acquainted with Senator Daniels, too?"

"I have that honor, also."

"Well, then, you must see them and tell them what I want. I am too old, Mr. Cleveland, to ask such favors of these young men, so you must attend to it for me."

"But, madam——"

"Never mind, you will do this, I know. Will you not? and tell them not to increase my duties. They are light; but heavy enough for a woman reared as I was. I will depend on you," she said with condescension as she started onward, "may I not?"

"Oh, yes—certainly—of course," said Cleveland, almost breathless with surprise.

True to his word, the next day the President made a personal appeal to the secretary of War and Mrs. Smith, with lighter duties, still reigns queen of the rebel record department.

SOME FOREIGN FUN.

"I think our teacher of composition is charming, don't you, Emily?"

"Fie, Bertha; that heartless monster? Captivated by his blue eyes the other day, I slipped a little affectionate note into my copybook!"

"And what did he do?"

"He gave it back to me with all the spelling mistakes corrected in red ink!"—Seifenblasen.

A.—"So you have got married? I am told you have made an excellent match."

B.—"Yes, my wife is a very accomplished person. She is at home in everything. She is at home in literature, at home in music, at home in art. Only in one thing she is not at home."

A.—"What is that?"

B.—"She is never at home."—Dorfbarbier.

Lady (to a gentleman who has the obnoxious habit of putting his mouth close to your face when talking)—You smoke bad tobacco, monsieur.

Gent (astonished and smiling)—I! Why, I never smoke.

Lady—Then perhaps you had better.—Esprit des Autres.

Teacher—With whom did Achilles fight under the walls of Troy?

Pupil—With Pluto.

Teacher—With Pluto? That is not correct.

Pupil—No, with Nero.

Teacher—With Nero?

Pupil—Ah, then it was Hector. I knew it was one of the three dogs we keep at our house.—Coblenzer Zeitung.

Sergeant (to recruit who has trodden heavily on his foot on alighting from the horizontal bar)—Bomben un Granaten! It is all very well, Schulze, your trying to tread in my footsteps, but you ought to at least wait till I have cleared out.—Westfalisches Volksblatt.

Daughter—What an ugly man that Herr Krakelmeyer is, to be sure. I am always so glad when he doesn't ask me to dance.

Mother—Unmarried men are never ugly; mind that, child!—Sonntags Plauderer.

WALL STREET HAS A NEW TOY.

Can Blow in All the Eighths on It if Jockey Clubs Don't Interfere.

Wall street has a new toy. It looks like a Waterbury watch, only the dial has pictures of horses at full gallop, which are numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. On the glass case just above the 1 and running from the centre, is a line which indicates many things. Among other things it told the members of the New York Stock Exchange yesterday just how many hundreds of dollars they had lost in playing with the new toy. The directions on the machine are:

To start—Pull stem out slowly, then push in quickly all the way.

When you pull this stem out slowly and then quickly jam it back in place,

WALL STREET'S NEW GAMBLE.

the horses on the pictured dial swing around rapidly, and the brokers bet whether 1, 2, 3, 4, or 5 comes first under the line. With the bank reserve greatly reduced yesterday in the bank statement and speculation on 'Change at its lowest point, the little machines found great favor with the brokers. They cost twenty-five cents, and 310 were sold on the exchange yesterday morning. The brokers, of course, could not play with them on 'change, but immediately after the half holiday gong had sounded they toted them into their favorite luncheon spots, Fred Eberlin's, Fisk & Robins's, the Dell-Hoff, the Hoffman House Annex, the Mary Hudson Dairy, and other points of refreshment. There they played with them all the afternoon. Many were summer bachelors bound by every tie to catch trains, but the little machine absorbed their attention and their money while they absorbed fluids.

Just after 'change closed the betting on the miniature horses started at 25 cents; that is, a group of ten would put in 25 cents apiece, and the chap who picked out the nag coming first under the wire, as indicated by a line on the glass case running from the center to No. 1, just under the stem, would reap $2.25 profit.

But this soon became tame sport. The stakes became $1 a man, then $2, then $5, and then $10, and finally $25 a man, and one pot that a Sun reporter saw scooped in netted the winner $475. It took two seconds to win this amount of money.

ARE YOU NERVOUS,

Are you all tired out, do you have that tired feeling or sick headache? You can be relieved of all these symptoms by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives nerve, mental and bodily strength and thoroughly purifies the blood. It also creates a good appetite, cures indigestion, heartburn and dyspepsia.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy in action and sure in effect. 25 cents a box.

THE TARIFF REFORMER.

Demand That the Tariff be Smashed No Longer Heard in the Land.

Before the election I was a ranter,
A powerful whooper-up for free trade;
I wanted the tariff busted instanter,
The cruel wrong of protection stayed;
An outrage against the constitution,
A robbery of the poor and weak,
I showed it up in fine elocution;
But since election I'm on the sneak.

I pledged and promised before election,
Because I had to, to get votes;
But now I'm fuller of circumspection,
And I don't propose to pay my notes.
Ha, ha! My speeches were full of unction,
Piping hot and glistening sleek;
I smashed the tariff without compunction
In words; but, in fact, I'm on the sneak.

What a reduction and a rumpus
We made last fall; what a hullabaloo!
How we were going to stir and hump us,
All for a tariff for revenue;
On tariff robber our brave battalions
Terrible vengeance were to wreak.
Down with the rout of protection rapscallions!
But the cry was a fake, for we're going to sneak.

Promises are very easy in making,
Very much easier still to break;
Am I to blame for people's taking
That in earnest I meant for fake!
Gudgeon-catching is easy, I knew it,
So I baited my hooks with cheek.
Destroy protection! How not to do it
Is all my study; just watch me sneak!
—New York Sun.

Who Can Solve It?

Here is a problem that, in various forms, is being discussed by railroad employes all over the country. The Blade solicits solutions from its readers:

A freight train one mile in length stopped with the caboose just opposite the depot. The conductor got orders to move his train to the next station, which was just five miles distant. He gave the engineer orders to move, which the latter did while the conductor walked over ahead on top of the cars and got there just as the engine arrived at the next station where he got off. The question is how far did he ride?

Chinese Bank Notes.

The oldest bank notes are the "flying money" or "convenient money," first issued in China 2697 B. C. Originally these notes were issued by the treasury, but experience dictated a change to the banks under government inspection and control. The notes were printed in blue ink on paper made from the fiber of the mulberry tree. One issued in 1389 B. C. is still carefully preserved in the Asiatic museum at St. Petersburg.

77 YEARS OLD

I am seventy-seven years old, and have had my age renewed at least twenty years by the use of Swift's Specific. My foot and leg to my knee was a running sore for two years, and physicians said it could not be cured. After taking fifteen small bottles S. S. S. there is not a sore on my limbs, and I have a new lease on life. You ought to let all sufferers know of your wonderful remedy. IRA F. STILES, Palmer, Kansas City.

S.S.S. IS A WONDERFUL REMEDY—especially for old people. It builds up the general health. Treatise on the blood mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.

PATENTS.

PATENTS Lehmann, Pattison & Nesbit, Washington, D. C. Examinations Free. Send for circular.

PATENTS For INVENTORS. 40-page BOOK FREE. Address W. T. Fitzgerald, Attorney.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FAT FOLKS reduced 15 lbs. a month; anyone can make remedy; safe and sure; particulars 2c. D. A. Box 404, St. Louis, Mo.

Barnes Pat. Foot Power Machinery is of great value to wood & metal workers. Send for catal'g W. F. & J. Barnes Co., 244 Ruby st., Rockford, Ill.

At ¼ Price Watches, Guns, Buggies, Harness, Sewing Machines, Organs, Bicycles, Farm Tools, Safes, etc. List FREE. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

EVAPORATING FRUIT STAHL'S EXCELSIOR EVAPORATOR. Best, Cheapest & Most Reliable on the market. Catalogue free. Address Wm. Stahl Evaporator Co., Quincy, Ill.

EPILEPSY OR FITS. Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—I say, Yes; all forms and the worst cases. After 30 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; cured, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quack treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of to-day. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address. Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

PROVED BY LIVING WITNESSES THAT THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCES cure more people than any other one remedy under the sun. NO HARM can come from their use. A genuine current of electricity, continuous, can be made mild or strong, or reversed at the pleasure of the wearer. All of the above fully confirmed and indorsed, by hundreds who have tried them, in our ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. Also description, cuts, prices and other valuable information, printed in English, German, Swedish and Norwegian languages. This catalogue or a treatise on rupture cured with Electric Truss will be mailed to any address on receipt of six cents postage. The Owen Electric Belt & Appliance Company, MAIN OFFICE AND ONLY FACTORY, THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT BUILDING, 205-211 State Street, corner Adams, CHICAGO ILL. THE LARGEST ELECTRIC BELT ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD. MENTION THIS PAPER.

AGENTS WANTED.

$300 [illegible]

$25 TO $60 Per week at home writing for THE STEWART CO-OPERATIVE MFG. CO., South Bend, Ind., U. S. A. Send 4 cts. in Stamps.

MUST HAVE Agents AT ONCE. Sample Sashlock (Pat. 1892) free by mail for 2c. Stamp. Immense. Unrivalled. Only good one ever invented. Beats weights. Sales unparalleled. $12 a Day. Write quick. Brohard & Co., Phila.

AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY or commission, to handle the New Patent Chemical Ink Erasing Pencil. Agents making $50 per week. Monroe Eraser Mf'g Co., X 28, La Crosse, Wisconsin.

AND REMEMBER We send FREE 140 Fast Selling Articles in a Handsome Case and with these samples you can Grasp a Fortune. Agents wanted. Send 10c to pay necessary expenses. W. HILL & CO, 111 E. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

$25 to $50 per week, to Agents, Ladies or Gentlemen, using or selling "Old Reliable Plater." Only practical way to replate rusty and worn knives, forks, spoons, etc; quickly done by dipping in melted metal. No experience, polishing, or machinery. Thick plate at one operation; lasts 5 to 10 years; fine finish when taken from the plater. Every family has plating to do. Plater sells readily. Profits large. W. P. Harrison & Co. Columbus, O.

"Fortune Knocks at least Once at every one's door." This is Your Call. We can put you in the way to make $250.00 per month without any risk, all that is required is a little Pluck and Push and you can make it. We want a live party to represent us in your locality and to sell our household goods by sample; no peddling, our goods are new and in great demand and you have the chance to establish a business that will pay you handsomely. We will pay a salary or commission as you prefer. If you are interested write for particulars to-day. Address "Manufacturers," Box 5308, Boston, Mass.

MEDICAL.

MARRIED LADIES—Send 10c for "LADIES' Safeguard" (no medicine, no deception; just what you want). Sent in plain sealed wrapper. Ladies Bazar, Kansas City, Mo.

OPIUM and Morphine habits easily cured, by one who used it 13 years. Address J. A. Delap, Elizabeth, N. J.

Married LADIES or COMPANIONS [illegible] Supply Co. 68 [illegible], N. Y. City.

SPINAL CURVATURE. Dr. Hartz treatment for Spinal Curvature. Book free to an afflicted. SURGICAL HOTEL, Columbus, O.

The Mormon Elders' Book on Sexual Strength, mailed free to married men, address F. B. Crouch, 302 Grand St., New York

FREE TRIAL Sexual Power Restored in 21 days; effect felt in a few hours; parts enlarged and positive cure for Abuse, Emissions, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, etc., sent free. Acton Med. Co., Washington, D. C.

LADIES A friend in need is a friend indeed. If you want a regulator that never fails, address The Women's Medical Home, Buffalo, N. Y.

MANHOOD RESTORED. REMEDY FREE. A victim of youthful imprudence, causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, &c., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send (sealed) FREE to his fellow-sufferers. Address C. J. MASON, P. O. Box 2178, New York City, N. Y.

FREE I will send (sealed) free a receipt that will develope Small Shrunken Parts, which cured me of Self Abuse, Lost Manhood, Nightly Emissions, Impotency, Varicocele, etc. Inclose stamp. Address F. C. Henry, Box 378, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dr. Chase's New and Complete Receipt Book AND HOUSEHOLD PHYSICIAN. The "Crowning Life Work" of the Great Old Doctor; nearly 900 pages; newly illustrated; the greatest selling book in the world to-day; big terms to Agents; printed in English and German. Address F. B. DICKERSON CO., Dept. F, Detroit, Mich.

BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS FOR THE HAIR AND SKIN. An elegant dressing. Prevents baldness, gray hair and dandruff. Makes the hair grow thick and soft. Cures eruptions and diseases of the skin. Heals cuts, burns, bruises and sprains. At druggists or by mail 50c. 44 Stone Street, N. Y.

$100 FORFEIT If it does not cure the effects of Self-Abuse, Early Excesses, Emissions, Nervous Debility, Loss of Sexual Powers, Impotency, Varicocele, Pimples on the Face, etc. Enlargement Certain. I will send FREE the Recipe of a never failing cure. All letters in plain, sealed envelope. Address, with stamp, C. K. TUPPAR, Sporting Men's Goods, Marshall, Michigan.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL. THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS Has a Pad different from all others, is cup shape, with Self-adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines just as a person does with the finger. With light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free. EGGLESTON TRUSS CO., Chicago, Ill.

FREE REMEDY. BEFORE. MANHOOD RESTORED AFTER. Small, weak organs enlarged, Emissions, Impotency, Varicocele, and all effects of Self-Abuse or Excess cured. Never returns. I will gladly send (sealed) FREE to all sufferers a receipt that cured me of these troubles. Address, L. A. BRADLEY, Battle Creek, Mich.

Beginning. First Week. Second Week. WEAK MEN INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 15 days. Never returns. I will send (sealed) FREE to my fellow sufferers a prescription to enlarge small weak organs. A sure cure for Emissions, Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, etc. Address L. S. Franklin, Music Dealer, Marshall, Mich.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PIANO OR ORGAN. If you wish to buy a Piano or Organ it will pay you to write to BEETHOVEN ORGAN CO., P.O. Box 101, Washington, N. J.

NO MONEY PAYMENT TO BUY A FARM! Best terms ever offered. I will send FREE the new paper called the Western Settler It tells all about it. Address JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen. Ticket and Passenger Agent, Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad, Chicago, Ill.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS. Beware of Imitations. NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1893.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.........Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE...............Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 145,000

VERY LAST CALL ON "NASBY IN EXILE."

We have only part of the last edition of "Nasby in Exile" left. We offer these only to subscribers whose time expires in July, after which no more copies of this book will be given with yearly subscriptions to the Weekly Blade. Should we have any left over in August, we shall probably dispose of them very quickly by giving them to those who get us up three-months' clubs during that month, particulars of which will be given in these columns the latter part of July. All subscribers whose time expires in July, will do well to order a copy of this book in connection with a yearly renewal. After September 1 the book will be out of print, and we shall never print another copy.

TO OUR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

We wish to call the attention of our new short-time subscribers to several reasons why it is of advantage to be a subscriber to The Weekly Blade. We always have a number of offers (which are made ONLY to our subscribers), by which any one taking advantage of them saves more money than The Blade costs him.

One of these is our Watch offer, Waltham or Elgin movements, in either gold or silver cases, as you prefer, and at prices far below what you would have to pay at a store—and every watch as represented. Also good chains of various patterns. Read carefully our offers under the head, "Publisher's Desk," on fifth page of this issue.

Then there is The Blade Sewing Machine, of which there is a double-column advertisement on the fifth page. We have sold already several thousand of these, and not one has failed to give perfect satisfaction. Read the advertisement carefully.

Again, don't fail to peruse our offer for Chambers's Encyclopedia, on the seventh page of this issue. It is the most wonderful cheap offer ever made of a standard work of reference. The book is exactly what we say it is.

If you don't want any of these things, perhaps you want a nice set of spoons, or of forks, for your table. Read our offer for them in the "Publisher's Desk" column, on the fifth page. They are good and cheap.

We shall have some other offers to make in the fall, which will be just as advantageous to our subscribers. Remember, you can make money by being a regular subscriber to the old, reliable Toledo Blade!

THE BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

Here is what our friends say of the excellence of the new Blade Sewing Machine:

West Line, Mo., July 13.—Publishers Blade:—Allow me to say that one year ago my wife persuaded me to send for a Blade sewing machine, which, by the way, is an ornament, has done all the sewing for a family of six persons in every conceivable class of fabric, to the quilting of bed spreads. In every way it has proved more than you claimed for it. We consider it equal to any $45 machine sold by our local dealers.

You are at liberty to use this if it will enable others to get a reliable sewing machine at about half the ordinary price asked. Yours truly,

W. B. CUSHMAN.

OUR PICTURES.

Of the fourteen pictures announced in the Publisher's column, on the fifth page of this issue, some or all of them are in the hands of nearly all of our old subscribers; but we have now some 40,000 new subscribers, and we hereby call their attention to this list of fine pictures for brightening their homes. Each and all of them, if they order one of them at 25 cents, will doubtless purchase the entire set. Try one of them! Address "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

WOOL OVER THEIR EYES.

A special in the Cincinnati Times-Star says that the Democratic farmers of Holmes county are getting the wool away which has been pulled over their eyes by free trade theorists regarding the wool schedule. Holmes county is one of the old-time Democratic strongholds in Ohio. It is a great wool-growing county also. The special tells the story so effectively that we reproduce a portion thereof:

Up in that section, you know, the bleat of the succulent sheep fills the air and calls, though in vain, to Democratic proprietors to turn from the error of their political ways. For lo, these many years, have these poor brutes wandered about over the green slopes appealing for protection which their masters declared they should not have if they could prevent, for year after year these owners have persistently voted for free trade and Grover Cleveland. Bill Taylor assured them that if they would only elect Grover and make the Congress Democratic they would all wear diamonds; and they believed him.

But now they are discovering that they have made a mistake, and they are wroth. They were solemnly assured last fall that if the country could but have a Democratic administration which would wipe out as with a sponge the infamous wool tariff and admit the wools of Australia and the South American countries, their wool, then selling at 28 cents a pound, would immediately bound up to at least 35 cents.

Well, Grover and all the other Democrats were elected, and the deluded fellows folded their hands in complacency and waited for the prices to bound up. But they didn't bound one particle. Instead, they began to drop immediately. Twenty-seven cents was struck the first thing, then 26, 25, 24, and now it is resting easy at 20 cents. And Grover and his Congress have not yet begun work. When they do, the price may get down to 12 or 10 or even 8 cents.

This little circumstance is really bothering the Democratic wool growers. They realize that somebody has misstated things. They are looking for the chaps that fooled them. And they are looking for those chaps with a club. They want less politics and higher prices, but they know that they will obtain neither so long as the men they put in office by their votes have anything to say about the wool tariff. A great demand for McKinley's speeches on the wool tariff and its results has arisen, and there is going to be a light vote for the Democratic candidates this year.

The rumor that Bill Holman is to be removed from the chairmanship of the Appropriations committee, is hailed with joy by all friends of good government. Holman's theory is to save the pennies and waste the dollars.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA DECISION.

The decision of Circuit Judge J. H. Hudson, of South Carolina, declaring the unconstitutionality of the "dispensary" liquor law in that state has some very interesting features. It is the general belief that the state Supreme court will sustain it. Judge Hudson is held to be the ablest of the eight Circuit judges of the state, and his record shows few reversed decisions. The grounds upon which he declares the new liquor law unconstitutional are of interest all over the Union, and if his ruling is maintained it will cover a much broader field than that of the liquor traffic.

Judge Hudson takes the ground that to confer upon an individual or a corporation, under wholesome rules and regulations, the exclusive right to sell liquors in the state would be unconstitutional—not because such grant is expressly prohibited by the constitution, but "because it is against the genius and spirit of all free governments and in violation of the common law rights of the people as handed down to us through the Magna Charta of King John." And he holds that as the constitution does not confer upon the legislature the exclusive right to buy and sell liquor in the state, that body has no power to confer that right upon the executive department. He says:

The constitution does not give the power, but the necessary implication denies it.

Traffic, commerce, industrial pursuits, the acquisition of property, the right of things and of persons, belong to the people as primordial or inalienable rights. To secure and protect the people in these rights is the duty of government. These rights do not spring from the government, but the government is created by the people to protect them in life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, as seen by article 1 of the constitution.

These individual rights are further secured to the people by the Fourteenth amendment to the constitution.

Neither in express terms nor by any implication have the people delegated to this government, either in its legislative, judicial or executive departments, the right to engage in trade, traffic or commerce in competition with the people, much less their exclusion. The government is the creation of the people. It is created by them for the protection of their rights. So much power as is deemed necessary to this end is conferred by them upon the government, and all other rights and powers are reserved to the people.

The judge next considers the question whether such a grant of exclusive power to traffic in liquors comes under the police powers of the state, and decides that it does not. He admits that it is lawful to regulate or prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors with a view to checking or suppressing the evils of the traffic; but he holds that when the state closes a private bar-room and opens in its stead a state dispensary, it is a mere change of management—a continuation and aggravation of the evil. Its purpose is not to suppress the liquor traffic, but to raise revenue for the state by creating a monopoly, which is beyond the police powers of the state. He adds:

The general police powers exercised by the legislature must be restricted within constitutional limits. Beyond this they can not go; and this constitutional limit has been transgressed in the act we are considering. If the legislature can confer upon the state the exclusive right to sell intoxicating liquors throughout the state under the implied grant of the police power, then certainly it can confer a like monopoly in the sale of drugs, tobacco, commercial fertilizers, powder and explosives, meats, vegetables, mineral waters, provisions, milk, butter, and an indefinite number of articles of lawful trade and commerce, all under the plea and pretence of exercising police power over the people. Laws now exist for regulating the sale of all or nearly all of these articles, and the right to monopolize the sale of one implies the right to monopolize the sale of each and all. This has never been done by any constitutional government in ancient or modern days so far as I know; and not even by despots.

It will be seen that Judge Hudson takes extremely broad grounds. He bases his decision, not on the state constitution, but on that of the United States. If his reasoning is correct, it will be a precedent which can and will be followed in any other state of the Union, should necessity arise—not only in regard to the creation of a state monopoly of the liquor traffic, but of the traffic in any article of merchandise whatsoever. If it be sustained by the state Supreme court, it will compel South Carolina to dispose of its stock of liquors and abandon the traffic to private parties; and leaves her the option to remedy the admitted evils of the traffic either by regulation, through license and local option, as was the case up to the passage of the dispensary law, or through state prohibition. But as a majority of her people are decidedly opposed to the traffic, we make no doubt that South Carolina will, through total prohibition,

Pulverize the Rum Power.

Silver is one of our products, but by no means the most important. Appraising the silver mined in the United States in 1892 at ninety cents an ounce, the value of the product was less than one-eleventh of the value of the corn crop ($600,000,000); and coal, cotton, wheat, eggs and pig iron all outranked silver very considerably. There are thousands of iron miners out of work to-day because the price of iron is so low that the mines can not run profitably. Why may they not as justly ask Congress for aid as the fewer silver miners?

Hoke Smith's recent attack on the pensioners has resulted in 2,560 of them being ordered to prove their innocence of fraud, or have their pensions taken away. As The Blade has already pointed out, this reverses the rule of all courts of justice—that the prosecution must prove guilt, and, failing that, the accused stands vindicated.

Now the story is going the rounds of the Democratic press that a pensioner has been found who was never in the army or navy. Is this simply a joke? There are a number of widows, and some minor children, too young to help themselves, who never were in either branch of the service.

The state of Kansas stands as an example of Populist rule. Not a line of railroad is paying dividends, and the official returns show a decrease in population the past two years of 75,000.

No Democrat will parade the state with a little bunch of wool on his badge, marked "taxed by the Republican party," as he did in 1892.

Do the Democrats of Ohio remember that only two years ago their state platform demanded the free and unlimited coinage of silver?

This is a good time for wool-growers to sit in the shade and determine just what they gained by voting for Grover Cleveland.

It will now be in order for the farmers to threaten secession unless a certain price is paid for their crops.

Let the American flag be well guarded. Blount is coming home.

Where there is wool there's a Democratic howl.

RUSH THE JULY CLUBS.

The award of premiums for clubs raised in June will be found on the fifth page of this issue. During that month we received the largest number of new names ever received by any newspaper in the same time. The actual number of names entered on our books for June was 40,000. Let every one who wishes to try for a premium, or who wishes to aid The Blade, take hold and see if they can not do as well for us during July.

The figures achieved by the gainers of the premiums for the June clubs will be no criterion as to the numbers that will receive the premiums for July. While we expect as many clubs this month as we received during June, the numbers of subscribers in the largest ones will not be as high as those of June, as the ground has been gone over to a large extent. It is fair to presume that the largest July club will therefore not have over 60 per cent as many names as the largest June club, and the same proportion will hold good all the way down through the list. We state this fact so that club-raisers shall not feel discouraged.

Now, we ask that every subscriber to The Blade, who may be in possession of our July coupon, shall get to work on three-months' subscriptions, and see who send in the 33 largest clubs during July. Read the list of premiums, given in another column, and go to work to secure one of them. We are indebted to hundreds of our subscribers for small clubs, sent during June, ranging from one to a dozen names for three months, simply as a favor to the good old Blade; and we hope to have several more small clubs during July from our friends who are interested in circulating the Weekly Blade among their neighbors and friends.

We shall make an announcement a few weeks later to the 50,000 or 75,000 new subscribers to the Weekly Blade, which will, without doubt, make them glad they have given the paper a trial. Look out for it!

JULY 14, 1789.

Four years more than a century ago, the French people stormed the Bastile and liberated the few prisoners found within its walls. The next day they began the work of demolishing this huge stone castle, erected in the fourteenth century by order of Charles V. On the spot where it stood the "column of July" now rears its shaft, inscribed with the names of the 654 revolutionists who took part in the assault on the old mediaeval fortress.

The importance of this event was not measured by the actual struggle for its possession, nor by the number of prisoners released, of whom there were but seven, all told. But it was in the destruction of a prison which had been the instrument of kingly tyranny for centuries, and which had become the visible symbol of

THE BASTILE.

monarchical oppression, and a standing menace to liberty. Its destruction did more than any other of the opening events of the French Revolution to inspire the people with courage to persist in their demands; it broke the spirit of the "aristocrats"—the court party; and thus the fall of the Bastile made a definite change in the current of events in France, and directed it towards liberty for the people and the destruction of the hoary fabric of oppression and wrong whose corner-stone was the monarchy. The French Republic became a possibility in men's minds after the Bastile had fallen.

FARMERS ON THE SHERMAN LAW.

Prime's crop bureau, which is a well-known organization for the collection of crop indications and statistics, recently, at the request of the Chicago Tribune, made use of its army of correspondents to ascertain the sentiments of representative farmers in thirteen states—those which raise the bulk of wheat for export—on the repeal of the Sherman silver law. The question put to each was simply this: "Are you in favor of, or opposed to, the repeal of the Sherman silver law?" The following tabulation shows the opinions of 790 farmers:

States.	Favor.	Opposed.
Illinois	134	34
Iowa	82	10
Kansas	78	24
Nebraska	34	6
Missouri	70	14
Indiana	70	16
Ohio	58	12
Michigan	28	2
Minnesota	42	..
Wisconsin	28	2
Dakota	16	2
Tennessee	12	2
Kentucky	14	..
Total	666	124

This result is encouraging, as it shows a strong sentiment among intelligent and wide-awake farmers in favor of honest money. The free silver leaders have been claiming that the farmers of the West are with them to a man. These figures do not show it. Look at Kansas, for instance!

Italy's legislative body is proving as seriously honeycombed with corruption as was the French Assembly with the Panama iniquity. Of the 420 members of the Italian Senate, 120 are charged with complicity, direct or indirect, in bank scandals, while about 100 members of the Chamber of Deputies are similarly implicated. We have had rascality and corruption in Congress, but never anything one tithe as bad as this.

Europeans are now headed this way in great numbers. They have finally concluded that the World's Fair is just what the large bills say it is.

Mr. Cleveland weighs 300 pounds, but that has not increased the solidity of his administration.

Hoke Smith's doctrine: "Every pensioner is a fraud until he has proved his innocence."

SOME SILVER QUESTIONS.

A Populist subscriber to the Weekly Blade, up in Olmstead county, Minnesota, admits that he is "getting rattled" on some points in finance, and desires light on the following:

If the United States were to refuse to buy silver and stop all further coinage of it would not the price of bullion silver drop, being deprived of a great market?

Most certainly, just as silver bullion dropped a short time ago when India stopped its free coinage.

On the contrary, would not the free and unlimited coinage of silver dispose of all the surplus silver and keep it at a parity with gold?

Certainly not. Ever since 1890 the government has bought nearly the whole product of American mines (except that used for the arts), yet its price has declined each year. We are buying 54,000,000 ounces a year; India has been using 40,000,000 ounces a year. With the Indian market largely cut off, what possible reason is there why silver should rise from 70 or 71 cents an ounce, which is its price now, to $1.29 per ounce, which is the price at which the silver dollar contains a dollar's worth of silver bullion? There is certainly none. Under free coinage, we could not possibly coin any more than we are buying now every month; and the mint authorities say we could not coin half that, unless we should largely increase the minting facilities.

As there is only from 54 to 58 cents' worth of silver in a silver dollar and the relative purchasing value of gold and silver coin remains unchanged, does it not follow that the stability of the government causes it?

No. As The Blade has explained time and again, the silver dollar passes in business for the same as a gold dollar, simply because a man can get gold for silver dollars. He can get anywhere Treasury notes in exchange for them, and the government will pay him gold for the Treasury notes. The moment the government refuses to do this, that moment the purchasing power of the silver dollar will fall to its bullion value, as that of the rupee did in India.

Why not demonetize both gold and silver and use entirely paper, based on taxes, or a day's work as a unit, and backed by the stability of the government? Would not that dispose of all controversy until our government grew to be untrustworthy?

That proposition is foolish. The entire world uses gold as the measure of value, and we must do the same. Gold does not fluctuate as much as wages. Don't waste time on any such proposition. There is not the shadow of a possibility of the United States abandoning a metallic standard.

NULLIFYING A PENSION LAW.

The commissioner of Pensions, acting under orders from Hoke Smith, is notifying thousands who are drawing pensions under the law of June 27, 1890, that the payment of their pensions "will be suspended for 60 days," during which time of grace they are required to show cause why they should continue on the pension rolls; and if the cause is not deemed satisfactory by the Pension office—and Hoke Smith—their names will be stricken from the rolls. The testimony which is required is the certificate of a reputable physician, attested by two witnesses, "that the pensioner is precluded from active labor owing to injuries or disability not the result of his own vicious habits."

This is consistent with the policy The Blade has attributed to Hoke Smith—that everything is to be done which will imply that all pensioners are frauds and dead-beats. The public is to have this idea drummed into it until it becomes the accepted belief, if possible. A homely old adage says that "a lie well stuck to is as good as the truth;" and if the lie be repeated again and again with pertinacity, Hoke Smith hopes that the people of the United States will accept it as truth that the great majority of persons drawing pensions are frauds, and deserve nothing.

But the most surprising thing is the tyrannical method which is adopted. The pensioner under the law of 1890 is put in a quasi-criminal attitude. He is, in effect, charged with defrauding the government by drawing money to which he is not entitled. The accepted course of procedure in a court, when any one is charged with a misdemeanor, is that he is considered innocent in the eye of the law until he is found guilty. Hoke Smith reverses this. He requires the person accused to prove that he is not guilty! This is an odious and tyrannical proceeding, which should be condemned by every honest man. If any pensioner is illegally on the rolls, he should be dropped; but his guilt should be proved before he is dropped—not suspend him and then make him prove his innocence.

DON WON'T DO.

The story is current among political gossipers in Washington that Don M. Dickinson is to succeed Justice Blatchford upon the Supreme bench; that Mr. Cleveland offered the dainty Don a Cabinet position a few months ago, which was declined with the understanding that he was to have the first vacancy in the Supreme court. It is safe to say his appointment, if there be any truth in the story, will not be well received by anybody, except perhaps the Michigan Democrats. Mr. Dickinson was an unknown quantity to the nation when he entered Cleveland's Cabinet several years ago, and he failed to impress his individuality upon the people by any act or deed while in office. In 1888 he dropped again into his native obscurity, and has been heard of only through his political squabbling with Dan Campau to obtain supremacy of the dirty little Democratic machine at Detroit. Decidedly, Don won't do. No one knows of any eminent legal ability he has ever shown. He is not fitted for so exalted a position.

The acting Attorney General of the United States has rendered a legal opinion that the federal government has the right to prevent the defacing of historic ground at Gettysburg by the grading now being done for an electric railroad. The state of Pennsylvania has given the United States the right to purchase the battle field, and Congress has appropriated ample funds to preserve the grounds. It now devolves upon Secretary of War Lamont to set on foot condemnation proceedings to prevent further disfigurement of Gettysburg's historic ground.

The German army bill has become a law, by the narrow majority of sixteen—and that the result of a bargain with the Poles and anti-Semites. Having done the bidding of the young "war lord," the Reichstag is now dissolved. The next question of interest is, what will other European nations do to equalize their armies up to the new level forced by Germany?

The American farmer who has a large meadow area this year will make money thereby. There is a remarkable shortage in the hay crop in Europe, and hay will be high the world over for the coming winter.

THE WORLD'S COMING PROBLEM.

It is capable of mathematical demonstration that the people of this globe will one day have to confront the problem of over-population. The earth will have more people upon it than it can provide for.

Let us look at the matter a moment. The total area of the earth's surface is, in round numbers, 200,000,000 square miles. Three-fourths of this is water, and only 50,000,000 square miles is land. It is not far out of the way to say that one-half of this is practically uninhabitable. It is taken up by the polar regions, the deserts, mountainous tracts, etc., where it is impossible for man to subsist from the products of the soil. Hence only one-eighth of the earth's surface—25,000,000 square miles—is available as a habitation for civilized man.

The "Bevolkerung der Erde" gives the latest estimate of the world's total population as 1,479,729,400. If these were equally distributed over the habitable surface of the globe, there would be about 56 persons to every square mile. What is the maximum number of persons who can be supported on each square mile? Remember, the earth must furnish food and clothing and fuel and habitations. The sea will furnish a portion of the food, but the main dependence must be upon the products of the land, not of the water. The United States has 17 persons to the square mile—but Alaska, and vast regions in the mountains and in the West can never be inhabited. Rhode Island, our most densely populated state, has 318 persons to the square mile; Great Britain and Ireland, 311; England alone, 480; the Netherlands, 357; and Belgium, the most densely populated country on the globe, 515 persons to each square mile.

Belgium is already overcrowded. Nearly half her people are living in poverty and wretchedness. She has to buy food outside her own borders to feed her people, paying for it in her manufactured products. It is altogether probable that 500 persons is the maximum number that one square mile of fertile and well cultivated land can maintain. And when the fact is considered that of the habitable portions of the earth much of the land is poor, it will be seen that 500 is a liberal estimate.

We need but one factor to solve the problem, when will this globe have all the population it can support? That is, the ratio of increase of population. All civilized countries are rapidly increasing in inhabitants. Modern conditions have increased the average length of life, as is clearly proved by the experience of life insurance companies for the past three quarters of a century. The birth-rate is greater than the death-rate each year. It is believed by many authorities that the earth's population has doubled within the past century.

If this rate of increase be correct—1 per cent per year—then there is no escape from the conclusion that in less than four centuries—really about 330 years—the maximum of population which the earth can sustain will have been reached. Within a less time than has elapsed since the discovery of America by Columbus, we will have reached a point at which famine will follow any increase of population.

What then?

That is the problem the wisdom of that coming generation will be called upon to solve.

CLOSED ON SUNDAY.

Never was the logic of the triumphant side of a dispute so completely overthrown than that of those who desired the World's Fair to be opened on Sunday. They won their contention, but Sunday opening did not pay. The numbers in attendance showed a marked decrease each succeeding Sunday, and the victory which the Sunday-closing people failed to win in the courts has been won by the forcible logic of the dollar.

The local directory has decided that hereafter the Fair shall be closed on Sunday. The conversion of these gentlemen was caused by the fact that there was no money in a Sunday Fair. The expenses swallowed the receipts, and it is a saving of money to keep the gates shut. The victory for Sunday closing is won, but in a manner utterly unexpected to its advocates. The "masses of the toilers," whose rabid desire to attend on "the only day they could use without the loss of wages they could not spare," to quote the argument of the Sunday openers, unexpectedly refused to go when the gates were opened. Probably the reasons varied with the different individuals. Some did not go because they do not believe in having the exposition open on Sundays; some because the machinery did not run, many of the exhibits were covered, and most of the state buildings were closed. Now let us have peace over this wearisome topic.

"A newspaper is a journal which prints the news," was the popular definition of an editor at the Press Congress in Chicago, and he proceeded to state that "under all circumstances" he would "kill editorial matter to give place for news." So would any live editor if there were a conflict for space between the two. Yet the editorial page has its mission, and an important one, too. One of the most thoughtful writers on the present condition of the West, Mr. F. B. Tracy, writing in the Forum, attributes the influence of crazy financial and social theories to the lack of public journals with broad vision and intelligent, independent views. "We need," he says, "a revival of the style of editorial which shall convince men, rid them of their heresies, and elevate public thought."

The Chicago Tribune, with commendable enterprise, through its correspondents in the twelve states lying nearest that city, has collected the reasons why 994 farmers will not attend the World's Fair. This question was put to each, "Are you staying home from the World's Fair on account of the high railroad fares?" The answers were 776 in the affirmative, and 168 in the negative. If the railway officials would recognize what this means, they would promptly cut rates in two for all World's Fair business.

Tom Reed's rules will not trouble the Democrats as much when Congress meets as will Tom Reed himself.

Columbus went broke discovering America, and now his lineal descendant has nobly followed in his footsteps.

This might be called a Hokey-poky administration.

Mr. Cleveland's cat-boat is probably a yawl.

SOME COLORADO FALLACIES.

The silver men of the West are injuring their own cause by repeating arguments which the people of the East, and conservative, well-informed people everywhere, know to be false or wrong. And the effect is that they at once come to the conclusion that there is no good argument for free silver coinage, else its advocates would bring it forward in place of long-exploded fallacies.

The first of these arguments of no weight is that "the demonetization of silver in 1873 was done by stealth," and so on. Now, every man who has taken the trouble to go through the official reports of the debates in two Congresses on the coinage act of 1873, knows that to be a falsehood. But the method by which it was done cuts not the slightest figure in the matter to-day. To pass a free coinage law now would not bring things back to where they were in 1873, when a silver dollar was worth $1.03 as bullion. Why fatuously waste time in repeating a story which no one recognizes as having any bearing on the status as it exists at present?

The second of these worthless arguments is that the adoption of free coinage would bring silver up to $1.29 an ounce at once. If they mean $1.29 in gold, the falsity of the statement is apparent. Every man knows that the Sherman silver law provides for the purchase of practically all the output of our own mines. Then it ought to have pushed silver up to $1.29 per ounce. Instead of this, silver has fallen. Free coinage of all American silver could do no more than the Sherman law has done.

We find, though, that one class of silver men say free coinage would cause silver bullion "to be worth $1.29 in silver dollars." This is true. The silver dollar would be, however, only worth somewhere between 50 and 55 cents in gold, and its purchasing power would be only that, instead of $1 in gold, as it is now, with the gold in the Treasury holding up its value.

The third of these fallacies is the cry that the closing of the mints of India to free silver coinage was the result of a conspiracy of the "money power of Great Britain," seconded by "its obedient slaves, the bankers and merchants of the United States." All sensible people know this to be a bald lie. The facts are that the silver rupee of India, originally worth about 47 cents, face value, had depreciated under free coinage—not having gold behind it as has our silver dollar—until it was down to about 30 cents in purchasing power. It is the salaried men and wage-workers of India, the clerks under the government, the officers and soldiers of the Indian army, who have to take rupees. They got no more rupees than they did when the rupee would buy 47 cents' worth, and they now would buy only about 30 cents' worth. They have been urging the Indian government to do something for their relief for two years or more. A delegate to the Brussels monetary conference last spring declared that the Indian government would be compelled to stop free coinage, if the conference did not agree on some plan to rehabilitate silver. The event is just what he predicted. The merchants of England made money out of India exchange under free coinage, as The Blade has, time and again, pointed out; and the fact is well known that they opposed the stoppage of free coinage in India. Why should the free silver men voice such a stupid lie, which every well-informed man knows to be an impudent falsehood?

If there is any good argument for free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, when the market ratio is about 26 to 1, we should be glad to have it advanced. But the leaders of the free silver men must understand that all charges of "conspiracy" and "fraud" are looked upon as the ravings of lunatics or demagogues, and carry no weight among the masses outside of the silver camps of the West. Bring on an argument that intelligent men can respect, or look to meet ignominious defeat!

THE SENATE FOR REPEAL.

What will Congress do when it meets in extra session regarding the repeal of the Sherman silver law? This question has been the leading one in political and business circles ever since the President's proclamation was issued. It was soon ascertained that the House could be depended upon to give a majority in favor of repeal; but the attitude of the Senate has been uncertain. Gen. Warner has declared positively that the Senate would not pass a repealing act unless a free coinage measure were made its substitute, and this position has been maintained by the advocates of free coinage. But the latest canvass of Senators, made by the New York World, shows that the logic of events has convinced the wavering ones in the Senate, and that the Sherman law will be repealed by that body without a rider or substitute of any kind. This assurance should have a powerful influence upon the financial situation and restore confidence, which was disturbed by the uncertainty attending the future of our monetary system.

GEN. W. H. ENOCHS.

Gen. William H. Enochs was a much brighter and greater man than the public knew. He did not distinguish himself particularly in Congress, nor in the Ohio legislature, except to be known as a man of deep convictions, and of sterling integrity. His real worth was known to his intimate friends, and now that he has passed away, they may feel free to tell of his many good qualities.

Ohio, in his death, has lost one of her bravest soldiers, one of her best friends, and most kind-hearted of her children.

The national banks are showing a disposition to increase their circulation. Some $3,000,000 in bonds have been deposited in the Treasury within the last few days as a basis for circulation and an effort will be made when Congress meets to have the law changed so that circulation may be issued up to the par value of the bonds, instead of only 90 per cent of it. During July there will at least five million dollars be added to the national bank circulation.

Senator Pugh, of Alabama, says that the last campaign, as the world knows, was fought on the one great overshadowing issue of the tariff, declares that he knew all along that the tariff was a "cloak," and that "it was the enemies of Mr. Cleveland who made so much of the tariff issue." As **Mr. Cleveland talked tariff reform most of the time, the worthy Senator must agree that the President himself wore the cloak.**

PREMIUMS!

Thirty-Three Premiums for Blade Three Months' Clubs in July.

As recently announced, The Blade wishes to give away 50,000 three-months' subscriptions during the publication of W. Clark Russell's new serial story. We say "give away," because we are going to ask only the nominal cost of the postage and mailing. This sum will be so low that it will be practically giving away The Weekly Blade to thousands of new subscribers for the term of three months. We expect to obtain most of these subscribers by means of our friends at every postoffice sending us clubs of five to ten new subscribers each. Such clubs can be raised in 30 or 40 minutes' time. The price being nominal, we can not afford to pay a commission. On the other hand, there are hundreds of our friends in various sections who will be able to send clubs of dozens, scores, and perhaps hundreds, at this low price. To such, we have decided to offer premiums, in order to create an interest and enthusiasm among those who will delight to do this work.

We therefore offer thirty-three premiums, worth $200, for the 33 largest three months' clubs sent us during July. At the price we shall offer to send three-months' subscriptions, any club-raiser can obtain a list of a hundred or more, just as quickly as they can see that number of people. Here are the premiums:

1.—For the largest club sent us in July, we will give one new Blade Sewing Machine.

2.—For the second largest club sent us in July, we will give a gold hunting-case watch.

3.—For the third largest club sent us in July, a lady's gold watch.

For the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th largest clubs sent us in July, each a nickel-cased, open-faced watch, standard movement.

For the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d and 23d largest clubs sent us in July, we will award each a set of Chambers's Encyclopedia, as advertised in The Weekly Blade.

For the next TEN largest clubs in order, up to the 33d, sent us in July, we will award a paper-covered novel each.

We should be glad to have club-raisers send in all their names at one time; but if this cannot be done, be SURE to indicate that more are to come, or that the list is to be added to a previous one sent by you. You can write, "This is my first club list for July," and "This is my second club list for July," and "third," "fourth," and so on. BE CAREFUL to do this; otherwise we can not keep record of your lists.

It will be noted by the reader that we have not named the price for these 3-months' suscriptions. If you do not receive a card by mail giving you the remarkably low price we have to offer, write to us and you will get a reply by return mail. Send for all the sample copies you want to use in canvassing. Write for "special 3-months' terms." Address "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

SILVER MADNESS.

The silver men of the West, who are indulging in extremely violent talk as to what they will do if Congress does not give silver free coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1, should remember that they can accomplish nothing by intemperate language and bloviating threats. The financial question is not one of sentiment, but to be settled by business methods on a business basis. The joint mass meeting to favor free coinage, at Denver, July 11, is a case in point. The gentlemen who indulged on that occasion in perfervid oratory should know that they are injuring rather than aiding the cause of silver by the wild statements they make.

For instance, the opening remarks of President Merrick were simply absurd. To say "the pioneers of Colorado have had their contract violated" is simply a falsehood. There was no "contract" between the first silver miners of that state and the general government, which is the only authority that could make a contract. If the product of a silver mine falls in price so as to make mining unprofitable, there is no more wrong done than there is when a lead mine or an iron mine becomes unprofitable from the same cause. Similarly, his statement that "the crime of 1873 has gone all these years unpunished," is viewed east of the Mississippi—and by many west of that river, too—as a bit of lurid falsification. There was no "crime" in the coinage law of 1873, nor anything that needed punishment.

Still wilder was Governor Waite's threat of rebellion in case Congress shall fail to pass a free coinage bill. Fallacies in finance can not be forced through legislative halls by such inflamed rhodomontade. The formal indorsement of his remarks by the convention showed the temper of that body, but it is not argument, nor will the proceedings at Denver aid the free coinage cause in the least. On the contrary, they are distinctly injurious to its prospects, which are poor enough at best. The nation will not accept the ruin and disorganization of business that would follow free coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1 in order that the owners of Western silver mines may make money.

Editor Watterson, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, has not a very exalted opinion of Adlai Stevenson, Vice President of the United States. Shortly after the announcement of Mr. Cleveland's illness was made, Mr. Watterson was in Kansas City, and being asked what would be the result if Cleveland should die, and Stevenson succeed him, replied thus:

My God! Where would we be at if Cleveland should die? But seriously, Stevenson would be a much worse man in the Presidential chair than Mr. Cleveland. He is not the man of the affirmative power of Mr. Cleveland and the country would be the loser. His opinions on all the great questions of public interest and importance are fatally indefinite and chaos would follow.

We are glad to find that our opinion of Mr. Stevenson is coincided with by so eminent a Democratic authority as Mr. Watterson.

The fact is becoming clear that the New York Stock Exchange does not exert that influence upon the finances of the nation that it once did. The country has grown too large to be thrown into a quiver by the battles of Wall street bulls and bears. The heavy decline in certain good stocks, the result of manipulation, within the past week, had no power to check the improvement in the monetary situation.

LABOR UNION NOTES.

France reports 1,300 labor societies.

Michigan idle miners are in distress.

Chicago reports 7,000 idle carpenters.

Denver has a newspaper writers' union.

Frenchmen want immigration regulated.

In 1250 wages were 8 cents per day.

Cleveland bricklayers' strike declared off.

Australia kicks against the influx of aliens.

Hungarian coopers at Bayonne, N. J., struck.

St. Paul plasterers won eight hours and $3.50.

Local building laborers won eight hours for $2.40.

Colorado law compels every man to support his family.

At Bordeaux 4,000 stonecutters struck against a cut.

'Frisco's Salvation Army has secured work for 600 men.

The stationery business is hopping and hops are stationary.

Typographical Union No. 98 is discussing the nine hour day.

Boston compositors want women to be paid the regular scale.

Lowell municipal laborers want the Saturday half holiday.

A blind hardware drummer visits Philadelphia blacksmiths.

International Labor Congress will be held at Chicago, August 27.

Water City (Mo.) striking miners are being evicted from their dwellings.

John J. Ingalls is the prize blacksmith at the Indian school at Lawrance, Mo.

Connecticut has passed a law protecting union labels by a fine of $100.

Pueblo (Col.) unions protest against the importation of men from the East.

Freight agents in convention at Milwaukee indorsed a proposition to have a uniform expense bill throughout the United States.

Health board employes at Boston have a union of the Knights of Labor and another faction is under the banner of the Federation.

The Minnesota State Federation of Labor demands an eight hour day, Saturday half holiday and the adoption of the referendum.

A Galveston telegraph operator became acquainted with and courted a girl by wire in Franklin. They were married several days ago.

Boston granite cutters kick because imported contract laborers were allowed to remain in this country after the union's discovery and protest.

A Louisville druggist had himself arrested for selling liquor without a saloon keeper's license. He wants to test the constitutionality of the law.

The existence of the cooperage industry of Portland, Me., is threatened by the action of a Brooklyn, N. Y., concern in deciding to make its own barrels.

Chicago union contractors kick against paying carpenters forty cents an hour when outside firms secure men for thirty cents. A big strike is imminent.

Boston freight handlers demand $2 and ten hours. The Fitchburg is paying more than the scale demands, but the two other roads refused the demand.

There are 172 branches of the Boot and Shoe Workers' International Union. This organization has expended $100,000 in four years in resisting reductions in wages.

Morrison Swift, of Harvard College, presented a scheme to the Massachusetts State Alliance, Knights of Labor, which will allow working boys to attend school a half day.

Miners at Osage City, Kan., have struck to aid their brethren at Pittsburg. Colored miners refuse to go out unless they shall be permitted to work with the white miners.

Lemont, Ill., striking quarrymen have returned to work at $1.50 per day. They will get $1.75 as soon as business shall allow the advance. Mayor McCarthy was the peacemaker, and the Third regiment will leave the scene of trouble.

A Pittsburg lumber dealer has sued the Alleghany Planing Mill Association for boycotting him. The dealer sold lumber to the strikers who were out for eight hours. He wants $10,000 damages.

Mourners at a Syracuse funeral were obliged to leave their carriages and crowd into union hacks, the latter refusing to work should non-union hacks be employed. The union charges $4 and non-union liverymen $3. The latter price is fixed by a local ordinance.

PERSONS READ ABOUT.

John P. St. John, the Prohibition ex-Governor of Kansas, is now a resident of Chicago.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, who is eighty-one years of age, has numerous applications for her autograph, and is still able to write her signature firmly, with her favorite sentiment added: "Trust in the Lord and do good."

Mr. Ruskin has for the last seven years been receiving £4,000 a year as his share of the profits on the sale of his works. This is in spite of the fact that his books are so costly as to be out of the reach of any but the rich.

Hiram M. Grandin, editor of the New York Journal of Finance, and Miss Myra M. Southgate, of Norfolk, Va., were married in the latter city on Saturday afternoon. The bride is a daughter of Capt. Thomas M. Southgate, of Norfolk.

Van Leer Polk, the new consul general at Calcutta, was for some time associate editor of the Nashville American. He was a member of the Tennessee senate, was educated in England and France, and speaks several languages. He is 35 years old and unmarried.

When Mrs. Lease left Topeka to attend the Congress of Charities in Chicago, she was attired in a navy blue China silk, made in the latest style with mutton leg sleeves and three big ruffles around the skirt. Mrs. Lease's idea of dress reform is to be in the fashion if it takes every cent of her salary.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, founder of the University of Chicago, will see the institution of his beneficence for the first time next month. Mr. Rockefeller's gifts to the university now aggregate more than $4,000,000, which is more than one-half the assets of the institution.

When Booth was playing "Richard" in Chicago in 1879 a mentally unbalanced spectator named Gray shot at the actor twice from the gallery. One of the bullets Mr. Booth secured and had it set in a gold cartridge, upon which he had engraved the words: "From Mark Gray to Edwin Booth, April 23, 1879." This grim reminder he always preserved.

Governor Turney, of Tennessee, is a large man of advanced years. He was a judge for nearly a quarter of a century, until elected to the governorship last fall. Speaking of the convict lease system to a New York reporter, he said the state has taken steps to abolish it by appropriating $500,000 for a new penitentiary, where all the prisoners can be employed.

ODD FACTS.

Three men in France competed to see who could drink the most water. One swallowed twelve quarts, the second nine and the third seven. All three died from the effects.

China makes a poor show in the journalistic world. For all its 400,000,000 inhabitants it has only 24 newspapers, 10 of which are daily and 14 appear at longer intervals.

A new substance called valzin is now being manufactured in Berlin under a patent, and it is claimed to be 200 times sweeter than sugar and free from certain objectionable properties of saccharin.

The world annually consumes about 650,000 tons of coffee. Estimating coffee as being worth about $400 per ton, which is about a good average, this represents an outlay of $260,000,000 for this one beverage each year.

A. W. Glover, of Windsor Locks, Wis., claims to have discovered in the foundations of an old foundry a stone covered with hieroglyphics, supposed to be of Indian origin, though no one versed in Indian lore can desipher them.

We have 60 divisions on the dials of our clocks and watches because the old Greek astronomer, Hipparchus, who lived in the second century before Christ, used the Babylonian system of dividing time, and that system being sexagesimal.

Tacoma's whistling well has commenced operations again after a silence of two years. Residents in the neighborhood say that just previous to every storm it commences forcing out air of a gaseous nature, and that a person looking down stands a good chance of suffocation.

In 1778 the heat of Bologna was so great that numbers of people were stifled. In July, 1793, the heat again became intolerable. Vegetables were burned up and fruit dried on the trees. The furniture and woodwork in dwelling houses cracked and split, and meat went bad in an hour.

PRODUCTS OF AGRICULTURE.

The beet root crop of Germany averages nine tons per acre; of Russia, five tons.

It is estimated that the world raises annually 9,122,000,000 bushels of grains.

Texas has the most sheep, 4,860,272; the grand total in this country is 43,421,136.

The average consumption of grain in Europe is 410 pounds per inhabitant, yearly.

France has 1,854,000 farms of over five acres each, and 1,952,000 under that area.

In eight provinces of Russia 96 per cent of the land held by peasants is in communes.

In 1882 France had 101,500 threshing machines, of which 2,850 were worked by steam.

The German Empire has 5,276,000 farms, of which 2,033,000 are cultivated by the owners.

One man can cultivate twelve acres of cotton, or with the best machinery thirty acres.

Publishers' Desk.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers to The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons, and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver. This is an alloy of nickel and other metals, which it is very difficult to tell from real silver, as it has the same color, and is susceptible of a high polish. This alloy is "inferior in beauty only to silver itself," the encyclopedia says. The metal is too hard to stamp with a pattern, and hence this tableware is made in the smooth-tipped pattern; but it can easily be engraved.

This table ware so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived, and not only all the first-class hotels but many private families are discarding plated ware and substituting this. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver; the smooth pattern requires absolute perfection in the casting, which is not necessary where the stamp will hide the minute pinholes. But there is such a saving on postage that it costs no more than the heavier stamped patterns of the German silver spoons. When properly engraved with monogram or initial it would delude the elect lady.

The advantage of solid metal tableware lies in the fact that it can be used constantly everywhere, and in the roughest manner, scoured with sand or polished with chalk, and there is nothing to wear off or wear out.

To the housewife who must watch her plated-ware carefully, who worries over servants' rough treatment, and who looks daily with anxiety to see if it is wearing off, to have "silver" that can be thrown into the sink or into the dish pans, washed with dishes or pots and kettles and polished with Sapolio or soap is to be relieved of a large load of anxiety and a lot of work.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
1-2 dozen teaspoons	.80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
1-2 dozen tablespoons or forks	1.35
1 dozen desert spoons or forks	2.00
1-2 dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15

These are made only in the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers, which are based upon the price of 1,000 gross. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

WANT A WATCH?

Then Here is Your Golden Opportunity.

Do you want a watch? If you do, you want a good one. In these days of excellent watches you cannot afford to carry a poor one. The Elgin and Waltham watches represent the perfection of mechanical skill and artistic beauty. They are recognized the world over as the finest timepieces that have yet been devised. These are the watches that we offer to you. And we offer them at prices that will please you if you know what you want to pay for such a watch, and will please you still more if you will compare them with the exorbitant prices that are asked for watches of not half the intrinsic value. A Waltham or an Elgin watch is the same the world over.

When a purchaser receives a watch he may submit it to an expert, and if at the end of three days he is satisfied that the watch is not up to the guarantee he should at once return it to this office, when his money will be refunded in full. No watches can be sent C. O. D., and no samples can be sent. Every watch is guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham or Elgin factories, whichever the purchaser may select. These offers may not continue long, and on this account subscribers should order promptly.

Below will be found descriptions and prices of a few Waltham and Elgin watches from the many styles made at these factories, which represent the greatest value for the money:

Offer No. 1—The Toledo Blade Special.

GOLD WATCH, MEN'S SIZE, $16.75.

The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in everything except the expense. At last this has been accomplished, and the result is the most beautiful watch ever made. This watch is for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch. We mean that it does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid gold, 14 kt. fine, so thick that they will last twenty years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck. This feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joints, thumb-piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear, are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain a regulator so plain that a child can work it, seven valuable jewels, compensating expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to Blade subscibers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of either Open Face or Hunting Case, delivered, $16.75.

Offer No. 2—Men's Size.

GOLD WATCH, $14.35.

No. 2 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin gold-filled hunting-case watch, stem wind and set; the works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, and all improvements. It is an accurate timepiece, which looks just like a $100 solid gold watch. The case is guaranteed to wear 15 years. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch for $38. Our price by registered mail, delivery prepaid and guaranteed, is only $14.35.

Offer No. 3—Men's Size.

OPEN-FACE GOLD WATCH—$12.

Number 3 is a magnificent gold filled open face watch, with Waltham or Elgin works. In the works are seven jewels and all improvements, including expansion balance, plain regulator, etc. Purchasers can easily get $35 for this watch in cash or exchange. The manufacturers guarantee the case to wear 15 years just like solid gold. Price, by registered mail, $12.

All watches offered are stem-winders and setters.

Offer No. 4—Men's Size.

WALTHAM OR ELGIN—$5.50.

No. 4 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 5—Lady's Size.

SOLID GOLD WATCH—$22.50.

No. 5 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14 k. gold. U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder and setter, and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair spring. We will send this elegant time-piece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for $22.50.

Offer No. 6—Lady's Size.

GOLD WATCH—$13.25.

No. 6 is a seven-jeweled lady's watch, in an engraved hunting case, either Waltham or Elgin movement, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.25. In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

Offer No. 7—Lady's Size.

SOLID SILVER WATCH—$9.50.

No. 7 is a lady's size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, stem wind and set, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50.

Offer No. 8—Blade Special.

Open Face or Hunting Case, Waltham or Elgin works. Be sure to name your choice when you order. A $200 solid gold watch cannot be bought for $22, but the Weekly Blade offers a watch under the above number that has all the appearance and most of the good qualities of a $200 watch. You have probably never seen a watch like this, and must therefore depend upon us for the description of the latest, handsomest and best watch made by the great American Waltham and Elgin national factories. Time and money have been expended in bringing this particular watch to perfection. The movement (or works) contains 15 jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, patent regulator, and all improvements. The case is the thinnest filled watch case ever made. Remember, we mean that the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. The works are especially recommended where the most accurate time is required. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, and all others who wish a really first-class article. As a present it cannot be excelled. It is so thin and convenient in form that it will even make a good and satisfactory ladies' watch, and it is especially recommended for school teachers and other professional women on account of its accuracy, which is equalled by no watch made especially for ladies.

We will send this watch, open face or hunting case, as desired, by registered mail to any of our subscribers for $22.00.

No. 9.—"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham.

FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem winding and setting apparatus, adjusted double-sunk dial. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. The Blade will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger," hunting case	$28 00
Open-face, ditto	27 25
Gold-filled 15-yr. hunting case (engraved)	22 00
Gold-filled 15-yr. case, open face (engraved)	18 50
In solid coin silver case (3 oz.), open face or hunting	17 25
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face	12 25

No. 10.—In Honor of Columbus—The Waltham World's Fair Extra.

GOLD WATCH, ELEGANT GOLD-ENAMELED DIAL, NO. 1492. PRICE, $20.

No. 1492 is a magnificent Waltham watch named and numbered in honor of Columbus. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a beautiful genuine gold-enameled dial with Arabic figures. It is handsome and gives to the watch the appearance of a $300 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-k. gold in two plates, stiffened between with a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 20 years. The ring, joint plugs, thumb-piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold. The works are good for at least 50 years wear. We have an option upon a few, and for a short time we will sell them for $20 in hunting case, and $19 in open face.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

If you are not a subscriber to The Blade, add one dollar to prices above stated when you order, and we will enter you on our subscription list for one year. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

WATCH CHAINS.

In appearance, there is no difference between a rolled gold chain worth $10, and a solid gold chain worth $100; and really there is no difference after half a lifetime's wear. So many of our watch buyers desire us to supply them with chains, that we have at last arranged to supply gold filled chains, which for many years' wear are fully equal to solid gold, upon the following terms. These chains are all guaranteed by the manufacturer to wear five years, if properly used:

No. 1—Mens' "trace" chain	$1 00
No. 2—Mens' heavy "cable" chain	1 50
No. 3—Mens' stylish chain, long and short links combined	4 50
No. 4—Mens' seamless gold-filled "rope" chain	4 75
No. 5—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm	1 25
No. 6—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm	1 35
No. 7—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm	4 00
No. 8—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, usual retail price, $12; our price	8 00

We deliver these chains free by mail to anysubscriber of The Blade on receipt of the above prices. The higher-priced chains are guaranteed to wear 20 years. Address all orders and remittances to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everbody can have a good copy at a very low price. Most of these pictures are done in high colors, in close imitation of the original painting. One or two of them are photographic etchings, and very artistic. Sizes of these pictures either 17x24 or 21x28. We now offer the following:

1. The Roman Chariot Race.
2. The Retreat From Moscow.
3. Christ Leaving the Praetorium.
4. Napoleon at Friedland.
5. Christ Before Pilate.
6. The Grand Canal of Venice.
7. The Horse Fair.
8. Columbus at the Court of Spain.
9. The Landing of Columbus.
10. Theory of Columbus Rejected in the Council of Salamanca.
11. Christ Walking on the Sea of Galilee.
12. The Russian Wedding Feast.
13. Home From the First Voyage.
14. The First Love Letter.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

A HANDY ATLAS.

Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co. have just published a new Handy Atlas, of 380 pages, each page 7 1-2 by 5 1-4 inches, containing colored county maps of the United States and Canada, accompanied by descriptive, statistical and historical matter pertaining to each state, territory and province, with indexed list of all counties, with area and population; also, colored skeleton maps of of the continents showing all counties of the world; colored statistical diagrams giving data as to area, population, products, commerce, finance, etc.; with a "ready reference list," alphabetically arranged, of all cities, towns and villages, with population by the late census.

This volume is printed on good paper, bound in flexible cloth, in good style—not a paper cover; it retails for $1 per copy; but we will send a copy, postpaid, with the Weekly Blade one year, for $1.50. Or, we will send a copy of the Handy Atlas, postpaid, for 75 cents. Address "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio." **The book is worth twice the money, and fills a long-felt want—that of a good, correct atlas and reference book at a low price.**

IN SUNDAY MEDITATION.

I sit in a pew unconscious
Of all that passes around,—
Of the minister's reverent crooning
Of the organ's solemn sound.

Of all save the face of my lady
Just hidden, alas! from my view,
By a somnolent man who is sitting
In front of her high-backed pew.

And, gazing with raturous longing,
I fancy I see two eyes
From over that man's broad shoulders
Now peering in pious surprise.

And then from one side or other,
She peeps in a timorous way,
Perhaps, to see if the anger
I showed her yesterday

Has fled like a summer shower
'Fore the sunshine of her face,—
Perhaps to detect my heart's secret,
How my love and fears run a race.

* * * * * * * *

But the pity is that these fancies,
Like castles in Spain must fall;
'Tis the man in front of her nodding,
And my lady has not moved at all!
—W. C. N., in Quips.

To Prepare Frogs' Legs.

That amphibian delicacy, frogs' legs, is highly esteemed by all gourmands. Those who object to eating frogs lose a nourishing and easily digested food.

A famous specialist for diseases of the stomach recommends them for invalids' diet, either in soup or stewed, but they are preferred fried by well people and are infinitely more tender than the flesh of the much overrated spring chicken.

To be perfect they must be of medium size; the largest are coarse-fleshed and the smallest hardly worth the trouble of cooking.

It is best to purchase the legs from the market already prepared, but if this be impracticable, skin them just as you do chicken feet, split through the thin outer skin with one or two slits lengthwise, using a sharp knife, and draw off with a downward pull. Always cut off the toes.

How She Put It.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford, the English writer, was asked to put her autograph in one of her works to be sold at a bazar. She wrote above her name, "This is a bad little book and was written by me."

HOBBY HORSE TO BICYCLE

EVOLUTION OF THE MODERN WHEEL FROM A TOY.

Popular Interest Aroused in Consequence of Recent Improvements and Attractive Races.

The first chapter in the history of miniature vehicles must be devoted to a study of the little mechanical hobby horse, which is well known in France as the dada. At first sight it seems strange that the modern velocipede should be in any way related to this child's toy, which is set in motion by cranks that are placed in the horse's head and are moved by the hands. The connection, however, between the two machines is clear, and is but another proof that the history of the velocipede is inseparably con-

THE ANCIENT HOBBY HORSE.

nected with the history of velocimania. Of this there are abundant traces in the numerous inventions which have been made since the most remote time. It is alleged that the Egyptians and the Latins, in engraving upon their obelisks images of persons mounted on two-wheeled vehicles had at least some idea of the velocipede.

Mr. Baudry de Saunier, an authority on this subject, has tried hard to find out from libraries and from the reminiscences of all the old cyclers the various stages through which the machine has passed, and he has discovered traces of it as far back as the fifteenth century.

History of the Wheel.

Other traces appear in the sixteenth century and in the seventeenth century an English chronicler reports that a Jesuit named Ricius traveled

THE CELERIFERE WHEEL.

through a part of China on a machine with three wheels. Until 1790, however, there is no evidence that cycling was practiced in real earnest. At that date appeared for the first time the "celeriferes," designed by M. de Sivrac. This machine consisted of two wheels, moving on the same axis and fixed below a wooden beam, which was fantastically carved and otherwise adorned. On this the rider mounted in such a manner that his feet touched the ground and were thus able to give an impulse to the entire machine. Next in order is the machine which Baron Drais perfected some time afterward, and to which in consequence the name Draisienne has been given. Before this time, however, the prototype of our graceful bicycle was known by another name, that of "velocitere," which, by the way, was the title of a comedy by Dupaty and Moreau, which was presented at the Vaudeville in Paris in 1804. In 1818 Baron Drais modified the machine; he conceived the idea of a guiding wheel, that is to say, he provided the front wheel with joints

IMPROVED DRAISIENNE MACHINE.

and a steering apparatus, which permitted the rider to go in whatever direction he pleased and without the necessity of descending from the machine.

Michaux's Great Improvement.

One can readily imagine that all these novel changes furnished the French wits and humorists with an occasion for making numerous jeux d'esprit and caricatures, which, on account of their originality, are today the delight of collectors.

Though France was the only country which at this period took an interest in cycling, it was not long before England came into the field with numerous improvements, among which may be mentioned those appertaining to the hobby horse, the facilitator and the various vehicles moved by hand. The next great improvement was made in 1855, when Michaux and his son conceived the ingenious idea of adding cranks and pedals to the guiding wheel. There

OLD STYLE FRENCH MACHINE.

has been much discussion of late as to whether the elder Michaux or his son was the real initiator of the pedal, and the conclusion arrived at is that each of them is equally entitled to praise for this improvement. Anyhow, the introduction of the pedal gave a great impulse to the practice of cycling and this impulse has continued to grow even greater up to the present time.

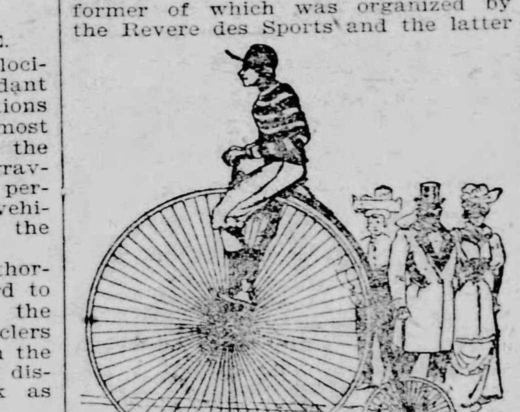
Some Memorable Races.

The history of cycling in France since the days of Michaux is well known. Every one remembers the large machines, through which the Terronts, the Duncans and the Medingers acquired reputations. Great, however, as were the records that were made on this machine with the immense wheel and extraordinary as were the performances, it is certain that many persons held aloof from the sport on account of the great size of the wheel. In 1869 a number of wheelmen made the run from Paris to Rouen, a distance of about 125 kilometres, in ten hours and thirty-four minutes, the winner being I. Moore, an Englishman. Another great race was the one from Paris to Brest and return—1,200 kilometres—which was organized by Pierre Giffard, of the

MODERN LOW WHEEL BICYCLE.

Petit Journal. This memorable test of skill, which was carefully prepared and admirably advertised and, moreover, was favored by fine weather, was a wonderful success. Charles Terront covered this long distance without stopping, in seventy-two hours, and at the end of the race felt none the worse for the work. A hundred competitors victoriously traveled over the entire course, a signal proof that cycling had at length become a practical sport and that the bicyclette had won an enduring favor in France. From day to day the number of cyclers increases. There is no sport which is more healthy, more easy and more practical than cycling.

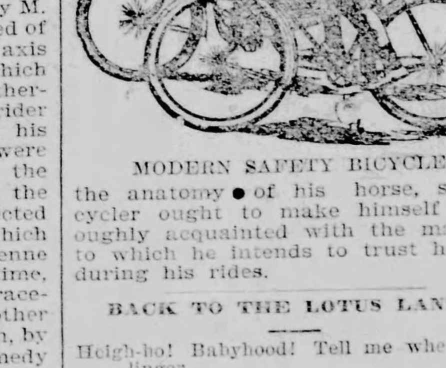
Several races have taken place in France of recent years, specially notable being those between Paris and Nantes and Paris and Trouville, the former of which was organized by the Revere des Sports and the latter



ORDINARY HIGH WHEEL.

by the Matin. Great interest was also taken in the 1,000 kilometres race, which was run on February 24, 25 and 26 last by Charles Terront and Corre in the presence of 50,000 thousand spectators over the wooden track in the winter Velodrome. This race attracted great attention from the press of the entire world and gave such a "boom" to cycling that all the French and foreign manufacturers found themselves suddenly flooded with orders.

To persons who are thinking of buying a machine this advice is given: Before you buy examine the various kinds of machines thoroughly and, above all, make up your mind clearly as to what you want. Just as a horseman ought to know something about



MODERN SAFETY BICYCLE.

the anatomy of his horse, so the cycler ought to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the machine to which he intends to trust himself during his rides.

BACK TO THE LOTUS LANDS.

Heigh-ho! Babyhood! Tell me where you linger.
Let's toddle home again, for we have gone astray;
Take this eager hand of mine and lead me by the finger
Back to the lotus lands of the far away.

Turn back the leaves of life; don't read the story—
Let's find the pictures and fancy all the rest;
We can fill the written pages with a brighter glory
Than old Time, the story-teller, at his best.

Turn to the brook, where the honeysuckle, tipping
O'er its vase of perfume, spills it on the breeze,
And the bee and humming bird in ecstasy are sipping
From the fairy flagons of the blooming locust trees.

Turn to the lane, where we used to "teeter-totter,"
Printing little foot palms in the mellow mold;
Laughing at the lazy cattle wading in the water,
Where the ripples dimple round the buttercups of gold;

Where the dusky turtle lies basking in the gravel
Of the sunny sandbar in the middle tide,
And the ghostly dragon fly pauses in his travel
To rest like a blossom where the water lily died.

Heigh-ho! Babyhood! Tell me where you linger.
Let's toddle home again, for we have gone astray;
Take this eager hand of mine and lead me by the finger
Back to the lotus lands of the far away.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

"THE LOST CHORD."

How Sir Arthur Sullivan Composed the Song.

How "The Lost Chord," perhaps the most sucessful song of modern times, came to be written is related by Mr. Wilby in a touching little story. Only a few months after Sir Arthur Sullivan had accepted the post of principal of the National Training School for Music he received a severe blow in the death of his brother Frederick, whose talent as an actor is well remembered. For nearly three weeks he watched by the sick man's bedside night and day. One evening, when the end was rapidly approaching, the sufferer had for a time sunk into a peaceful sleep, and as his faithful attendant was sitting as usual by the bedside it chanced that he took up some verses of the late Miss Adelaide Proctor, with which he had some years previously been much impressed. Now in the stillness of the night he read them over again, and almost as he did so he conceived their "musical equivalent." A sheet of music paper was at hand and he began to write. Slowly the music grew and took shape until, becoming absorbed in it he determined to finish the song, thinking that even if in the cold light of day it should appear worthless it would at least have helped to pass the weary hours, and so he went on till the last bar was added. Thus was composed a song of which the sale up to now has execeeded a quarter of a million of copies.

Just So.

"Yes, I was to meet her at 8 o'clock, but I got there at 7:45."

"Well, what about it?"

"It was a quarter to wait, you know."—N. Y. Press.

Impossible.

To love your neighbor as yourself
Is past the will's commanding
When in a crowd your neighbor big
Upon your corn is standing.
—Washington Star.

His Atlas.

Mr. Kaller—What is your name, my little man?

Boy—When I'm good it is "Billy;" when I'm bad it is "William J."—Toronto Empire.

Idaho Woman's Financial Scheme.

An Idaho woman is reported to have established a floating bank, which will cruise along the shores of Lake Kootenai, transacting business for towns to small to have a bank of their own.

Just His Luck.

He bought himself a new silk hat,
And to the street he flew,
And then for weeks he walked and walked,
But he met no girl he knew.
—New York Herald.

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The Moors, the Turks, wild men with dirks,
Here show their costumes curious;
The Japanese, and folks like these,
Wear knives that are injurious.

Here are balloons and foreign tunes
That skirl both fast and furious;
And Cairo folk as brown as oak,
And Zulus true or spurious.

The dancing girls make startling whirls,
Be careful how you look at them;
All innocent and shy I went,
And—well—a peep I took at them.

Men from Ceylon you'll see anon,
From Sitka and from Tokio,
For sight so rare you everywhere
Fees to men white or smoky owe.

Here mosques you see and Japan tea
And clams they serve romantically;
And sliding cars and foreign jars,
For which they charge gigantically.

The Ferris wheel with arms of steel,
High as a tower will wind you up;
If you should fall for good and all
The doctors they would bind you up.
—Eugene Field in Chicago Record.

NEW CURRENCY MOVEMENT.

Copper Must be Maintained on a Parity With Gold and Silver

To the People of the United States:

The producers of copper appeal to you for a just recognition of the metal which they represent, and ask your aid in having a bill passed at the coming session of Congress which will re-establish copper as a currency metal, maintaining it on a parity with gold and silver and providing for the free coinage of this metal at a ratio of four hundred and fifty to one.

Copper is the true metal of the people, and has been used for money for over two thousand years. When our country was in distress and its credit assailed, when the grasping money sharks hoarded their gold and silver, copper remained true to its duty and continued in active circulation and was the only available means of exchange which the poor laboring man could use for his daily purchases of the necessaries of life.

The gold bugs of the East, and the silver bugs of the West have lowered the price of copper and prevented its proper use as a national currency. The time has arrived for the producers of copper and the small army of miners who are dependent upon this metal for their living, to raise the cry of free copper or free fight, and to pledge themselves to wade in blood up to their donkeys' ears in asserting their rights. The supply of copper is so great that it, better than any other metal, can meet the demand for an increase of the currency. If, with a free copper law passed and a fair trial of it had, copper does not become as valuable as gold and silver, and should its adoption ruin all the business interests of the country, we will stand aside and give others a chance to experiment with any pet financial theory they may have.

If foreigners decline to accept copper in payment of claims against this country, we suggest the formation of an army to be recruited from the states of Colorado, Montana and Dakotas, and to be led by Gov. Waite, of Colorado. This army to be used for the purpose of forcing foreign nations to accept whatever currency the United States may see fit to issue.

Resolved: That it is not to the interest of the copper producers of the United States to unite with the farmers who seek to have the government establish store houses for grain and to issue government notes against deposits of grain, at the rate of $1 per bushel.

Resolved: That a copy of the action of this meeting be sent to all the commercial bodies of the United States, with a request that they urge their Representatives in Congress to assist in the passage of a bill for the free coinage of copper.

L. U. NATIC, Secretary.

THE LITTLE DOG UNDER THE WAGON.

"Come, wife," said good old farmer Gray,
"Put on your things, 'tis market day—
And we'll be off to the nearest town,
There and back ere the sun goes down.
Spot? No, we'll leave old Spot behind."
But Spot he barked, and Spot he whined,
And soon made up his doggish mind
To follow under the wagon.

Away they went at a good round pace,
And joy came into the farmer's face;
"Poor Spot," said he, "did want to come,
But I'm awful glad he's left at home;
He'll guard the barn, and guard the cot,
And keep the cattle out of the lot."
"I'm not so sure of that," thought Spot,
The little dog under the wagon.

The farmer all his produce sold,
And got his pay in yellow gold,
Then started homeward after dark,
Home through the lonely forest. Hark!
A robber springs from behind a tree—
"Your money or else your life," says he;
The moon was up but he didn't see
The little dog under the wagon.

Spot ne'er barked, and Spot ne'er whined,
But quickly caught the thief behind;
He dragged him down in the mire and dirt,
And tore his coat and tore his shirt.
Then held him fast on the miry ground;
The robber uttered not a sound
While his hands and feet the farmer bound,
And tumbled him into the wagon.

So Spot he saved the farmer's life,
The farmer's money, the farmer's wife;
And now a hero grand and gay,
A silver collar he wears to-day;
Among his friends, among his foes,
And everywhere his master goes,
He follows on his horny toes,
The little dog under the wagon.
—New Orleans Picayune.

KNEW HIS MASTER WHEN DRUNK

But When Sober He Failed to Recognize Him.

An enemy to the cause of teetotalism has arisen here in Ohio in the shape of a dog. For years Henry Taylor, a farmer, has lived on a farm just north of the village of Van Wert. Henry was a good and upright citizen, but he would get boiling drunk whenever he went to town. He has a dog, and this dog, with the members of his household, always expected him to come home with a pronounced load. The dog met him at the gate and guided his uncertain footsteps to the house after each trip to town.

One day Henry went to town, and while there experienced a change of heart. He decided not to get drunk, took the pledge and started for home in a state of painful sobriety. His dog was at the gate to meet him. Henry walked in straight as a string. The dog, expecting a man with a wobbly gait and a thick voice, did not reconize him and jumped upon him, biting him severely several times and otherwise maltreating him after the manner of dogs. Thereupon Henry swore an oath that he would never again return from town without a load, and he has kept the vow.

PRODUCTS OF AGRICULTURE.

The United States has 2,800,000 bee-hives; Germany, 1,910,000; Spain, 1,690,000; Austria, 1,550,000.

The population o Russia annually consume 635 pounds of grain per head, the United States 370.

The area of Europe and America in 1840 was 492,000,000 acres; in 1881 only 12 per cent.

In 1821 33 per cent of the population of Great Britain was engaged in farming; in 1881 only 12 per cent.

In 1887 Europe had 37,610,000 horses, 101,855,000 cattle, 197, 740,000 sheep and 48,350,000 hogs.

The farms in France cultivated by owners average fifteen acres; those by tenants, thirty-five acres.

A hive of 5,000 bees should produce fifty pounds of honey every year and multiply tenfold in five years.

It is estimated that there are 62,050,000 horses in the world, 195,150,000 cattle and 434,500,000 sheep.

Since 1860 the value of grain crops has steadily diminished, while that of pastoral products has increased.

The maize crop of the United States covers an area greater than England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland and Denmark.

The most marked improvement in the agriculture of Italy followed the expulsion of the Austrians in 1859.

The value of the western cattle is estimated at $2,000,000,000, or five times that of all the cattle in Australia.

BRIEF TALKS ON WOOL

GEORGE LEWIS, OF VAN WERT, IS OF THE OPINION

That Democratic Tariff Tinkering is to Blame for Present Prices—The Remedy Recommended.

Editor Blade:—Yours of June 27, asking me to answer questions with regard to price of wool, received. As to your first question I think there is no doubt but that the present condition of the money market has had its influence on the price of wool, but this of itself would have been slight. The attitude of the Democratic party

GEORGE LEWIS.

on the tariff question has brought about the present demoralized condition of wool markets. Dealers are buying wool at free trade prices and very sparingly at that, as it is uncertain what Congress will do with the tariff on wool.

The unstatesmanlike, if not senseless, cry of free raw material ought to defeat any party that raises it. Free raw material, as Mr. Cleveland recommends, means that farm products shall be singled out and put on the free list. To this the farmers will never submit.

To your second question, I answer that there is no doubt in my mind but that if the "McKinley bill" could be let alone and sheep owners made to feel that they had all the protection they could get, and that there was no danger of any reduction; in short, that there was to be no more tinkering with the wool tariff until changed conditions make it advisable, they would go to work and improve their flocks, build them up and have confidence in their business, which is always necessary to success.

The sheep industry cannot be built up in this country without some protection to wool, and statesmen should remember that the sheep owners are not the only class of farmers that are benefited by "money in sheep." They cannot strike down the wool industry without injuring agriculture in all its branches. Very truly yours,

GEORGE LEWIS,
State Board of Agriculture.

Van Wert, July 7, 1893.

WHY THE GEARY LAW IS APPROVED IN CALIFORNIA.

The Six Companies, and Their Methods of Importing and Enslaving the Chinese Immigrants.

Editor Blade:—A matter which has puzzled us very much of late is the opinion some of our good Eastern friends have expressed regarding the much-talked-of "Geary act." The people of this coast, as you know, are almost unanimously in favor of the act—not simply because we object to foreigners, nor simply for the reason that they are Chinamen; but because the imported Chinese are a class not fit to mingle with civilized people. They bring with them and put into practice every crime that has a name, and some for which we have failed to find a name. The United States is the asylum for the oppressed of all nations, but there is no law that can compel us to accept the wholesale importation of criminals. We make criminals enough of our own to keep us busy.

We have a little knowledge of how the Chinaman is brought here. It is under the head of contract labor, which is enough to condemn the whole affair. This we have gathered from those called "free" Chinamen (not subjects of the Six Companies). Each of the Six Companies represents one or probably two provinces of China. The company desires to import 10 or 100 Chinamen. The Chinese government compels the company to enter into a bond of $800 for each male Chinaman, as a guarantee for his return to China, dead or alive, as the Chinese law requires every Chinaman to be buried on Chinese soil. The company pays his fare to America. This done, the man is the slave of the company until the $800 and fare is paid to the company, with interest. Then he can be buried in America or wherever he chooses. Be it understood that these men are brought here penniless, and for the first year they are sent out under a Chinese foreman to do contract labor until they can talk a little English. They are then allowed about 40 cents per day, but the company furnishes them their clothing, rice, etc., at an exorbitant price. When they can talk pretty good English, they are allowed to go and work for themselves, but are required to deposit all their money with the company, also to purchase all their clothing and eatables of it.

If a man is a good cut-throat he is made a Highbinder. These are necessary to force obedience. If a Chinaman is suspected of desiring to leave the country, or owes a debt, or has wronged a Chinaman of another company the Highbinder is brought into requisition. In a case of smuggling opium, if a Chinaman informs a government official, his life pays the penalty if they can get at him, and nothing but the intereference of the police will prevent it, and that only for the time being.

The females are brought here by the Six Companies, sold like so many cattle, and put into houses of ill-fame. A Chinese merchant's daughter is not sold for immoral purposes, but for a wife, and if she is a "small-foot" she will bring the top of the market, $2,000 to $3,000—common stock commands from $400 to $800. This is a nice state of affairs to exist in civilized America! This is the fine financial scheme of the Six Companies, and out of which they have accumulated millions of dollars. They to-day control thousands of slaves in America, and a harem in the bargain. They can well afford and do spend their money lavishly to bribe officials to allow them to smuggle Chinamen and opium into our country, and fee lawyers to defend them.

Let our government officials refuse a Chinaman a landing in San Francisco and see how quick the Six Companies come to his relief. They will swear that he is a merchant, or anything to get him released. If it be a woman, they will have a man claim her as his wife. Another little fact regarding this imported class of Chinamen is that they are all Chinese criminals, as each province of China brands its criminals with a mark peculiar to itself, with a hot iron, on a certain part of the face or neck. We have never failed to find the brand. Let loyal Americans read these facts and then pronounce the exclusion act unconstitutional, disgraceful, inhuman and unchristian! J. R. ADDISON.

Alameda, Cal., July 5.

You Can't Keep Cool while you're rubbing away over a tub of steaming clothes. If you want to keep comfortable and save your health (think of inhaling that fetid steam) and strength, stop the rubbing—and the steaming. Pearline does it. Pearline; cold water; no boiling; little work; that is the programme for hot-weather washing.

This taking away of the rubbing is more than a matter of saving work. It's a saving of needless and ruinous wear and tear to all your summer clothing.

Direction for this easy, safe and economical washing, on every package of Pearline.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—*send it back*. 353 JAMES PYLE, New York.

Don't Steal It . . .

YOU'VE LOST MANY A WHIP.
YOU'VE HAD THEM STOLEN
ALMOST BEFORE YOUR EYES.

You've had to carry them with you to protect yourself from the whip pirates who so fully have taken possession of almost every locality.

Well, Rejoice and be Glad!

We have solved the problem by offering you, at a price within easy reach of all, the celebrated

CANE WHIP

Price . . . $1.69 POSTPAID BY MAIL.

Most Wonderful and Useful Invention of the age. A Cane, a Buggy Whip and Riding Whip all in one.

FULL LENGTH 6 FEET.

Cheaper Than a Whalebone Whip. Ten Times as Durable and Convenient.

The prime object of the Cane Whip is to provide a whip that may be adjusted and used as a cane, thereby enabling one to possess a good whip without danger of being stolen. The desirability of such a provision is manifest to everyone using a whip.

Further, it is known, every whip will wear out at the tip first, while the remainder of the whip may be quite good. This failing is obviated in our Cane Whip from the fact that all our tips are interchangeable. Tips may be bought at a small cost and used on the cane section of any whip. Extra tips furnished at 35 cents each.

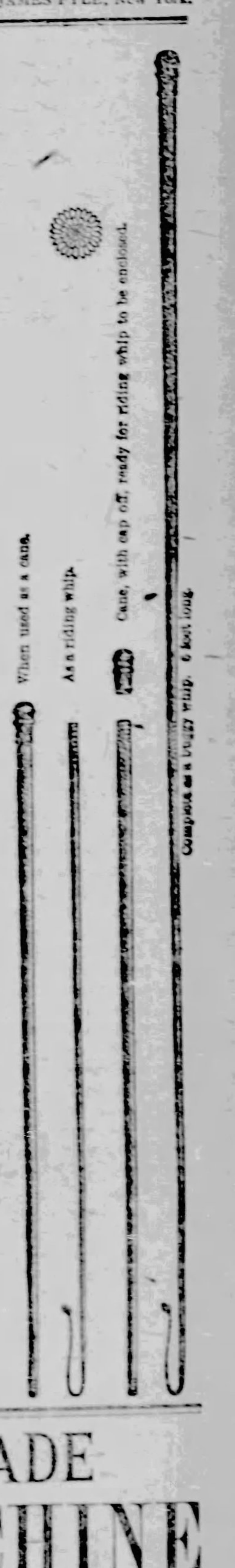
Every other whip will sag or warp in use, even the best full bone whip.

The Patent Steel Cane Whip Never Sags or Warps. This is evident from its construction. The cane section is composed of a flexible, elastic steel tube, spiral in form, of such manner that any degree of flexibility is obtained, both from the distance of edges of steel in spiral apart, and thickness of the steel of which it is made.

Price, $1.69, Postpaid to any P. O. in the U. S. Or the WEEKLY BLADE for one year and the Whip, Both for ... $2.00.

Address all orders to

THE BLADE,
Toledo, Ohio.



THE NEW BLADE SEWING MACHINE

IMPROVED. HIGH ARM. PERFECTED.

Every Machine Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction or Money Refunded.

THIS MACHINE —AND— Weekly Blade ONE YEAR Only $18.

THIS MACHINE —AND— Weekly Blade ONE YEAR Only $18.

WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS!

HIGHLY FINISHED. . . . DOES PERFECT WORK.

It is adapted for every kind of sewing from the lightest muslins to the heaviest cloth and a wide range of work, Hemming, Braiding, Tucking, Ruffling, Quilting, Gathering &c. A full set of Goodrich's attachments in a plush-lined box go with every machine. The simplicity of the automatic tension, sewing from No. 40 to 100 thread without altering, recommends it not only to every beginner, but to ALL. An automatic bobbin winder, run independent of the machine, winds a bobbin as regular and as hard as any spool of thread, thus making it carry so much more thread than the ordinary wound bobbin.

A touch upon a lever lengthens or shortens the stitch at will while the machine is sewing.

The woodwork of this machine is either black walnut or antique oak. Subscribers may name their choice.

We guarantee this machine to be even better than the BLADE Sewing Machine of three years ago. It is built on entire new and improved principles, and is far in advance of the regular sewing machines now on the market. It is $4.00 cheaper than any sewing machine now offered with newspaper subscriptions, AND WORTH DOUBLE. Each machine is in perfect working order when shipped, and is accompanied with printed instructions and a complete set of tools and attachments. Also a five year warranty. If it does not prove perfect or as represented, ship it back and we will refund your money.

Every machine will be shipped by freight unless otherwise directed, and we are prepared to fill orders promptly. Remember, the purchaser pays the freight when received. We cannot prepay freight. Be careful to give your shipping address very plainly, as well as your postoffice address.

As stated above, on receipt of $18.00, we will send to any address the WEEKLY BLADE one year, and ship by freight one of these elegant sewing machines. But now comes a very

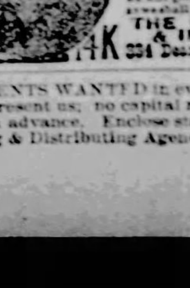
REMARKABLE OFFER.

We will present one of these sewing machines FREE to any person who will send us $30.00 for 30 yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE. We will not require the whole club at one time either. You may send us five subscribers at a time at one dollar each, and when you have seen six such clubs the machine is yours and will be shipped. Simply number your list from one to thirty as fast as you send the names, and say in your letter that it is an instalment of names for the sewing machine premium. We shall expect the list to be completed within sixty days of the time you send the first list. Any member of an intelligent family can raise a club of thirty for the WEEKLY BLADE inside of two weeks. On these terms a charitable organization can easily place a sewing machine into the hands of some worthy and deserving poor family to be found in every community.

Remit current funds, by draft on New York, Chicago or Toledo, or by Postoffice or Express Money Order, or currency by registered letter. Address

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

SPECIAL NOTICE— In ordering needles, or any repairs, always give the number of your machine, or the year in which you bought it.



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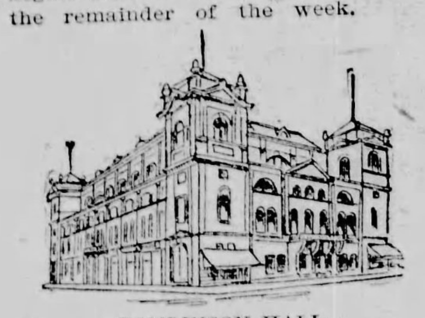
GENERAL NEWS.

THE BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE.

International Convention Held at Indianapolis Last Week.

Indianapolis, July 13.—The international convention of the Baptist Young People's Union of America begins here to-day and will continue the remainder of the week.



TOMLINSON HALL.

The president of the B. Y. P. U. A. is John H. Chapman, of Chicago; treasurer, J. D. Staples, of Illinois; editor and general secretary, T. L. Wilkins, D. D., of Chicago. Every Northern state, with one exception,

BAPTIST BADGE.

has a state union, and many of the Southern states have organized, while others are taking steps toward organization. The Canadian provinces constitute one vast organization, while the maritime provinces are another.

Indianapolis, Ind., July 14.—Although the weather is intensely warm the Baptist convention, now being held in this city, is a very enthusiastic and business-like one. The delegates are all here, and the great body may be said to have got fairly to work.

The various committees met in separate sessions this morning and formulated their plans of procedure. An early morning prayer meeting, led by C. J. Spenceley, of Boston, was largely attended at the First Baptist church. The convention assembled at 9:30, and religious exercises were conducted by M. P. Matheney, of Lincolnton, N. C. The report of the committee on important topics and that of junior organization were then read and discussed. This was followed by an address of "Religious Liberty, the Trophy of the Baptists," by the Rev. H. M. King, D. D., of Providence.

An Important Ceremony.

At 11 o'clock an important ceremony took place—the salutation of the flags and minute guns by the representatives of the state and provincial unions, in which 28 states and unions were represented.

The afternoon programme was a long one, and when the convention reassembled at 2:15 o'clock, it proceeded to business after a short devotional service. The programme was: Prayer for our young people in academies and higher schools of learning, led by Prof. A. G. Slocum, LL.D., president of Kalamazoo College, Kalamazoo, Mich.

State and provincial competition, 1892-93. Announcement of awards and presentation of prize banners.

Indianapolis, Ind., July 15.—Many of the young Baptists were on the streets early to-day. The early morning prayer meeting was, as usual, well attended. If it had been held an hour earlier the crowd would have been just as large, for the intense heat made sleep impossible with many. The immense city hall, in which the convention is being held, is well ventilated and occasionally a breeze manifests itself, and has the effect of cheering the delegates in their labors.

At 9:30 the morning session opened with a somewhat diminished number of delegates present. Some have left the city and others were engaged in committee work. The religious exercises conducted by Rev. J. S. James, D. D., of Hartford, Conn., were followed by the report of the committee on miscellaneous business. The open parliament topic, "The Conquest Meeting," was led by Rev. Frank S. Dobbins, of Philadelphia. Rev. R. R. McKay, of Brampton, Ont., delivered an interesting address on "Fidelity to Our Denominational Literature." Then came the mass workers conference. Ten minute reports were given by the chairman of the Friday afternoon conference. Ten minutes were also given after each report to interrogate the chairman concerning the work covered by his report. At the opening of the afternoon session a great praise service was conducted by W. H. Merritt, of Detroit, and was followed by the symposium. General topic, "Our Lesser Federations; Their Benefits and Their Needs."

"The Suburban Union," Norman G. Lennigton, Chicago; "The City Union," A. L. Bates, Kansas City, Mo.; "The State or Provisional Union," by Rev. J. K. Wilson, Taunton, Mass.

They Sang Coronation.

The Rev. B. G. Robbins, the leader of the early morning Baptist prayer meeting, to-day said: "I have the best, the grandest of news for you. The Lord has heard our prayers and answered them. The World's Fair is to be closed on Sunday." For a few minutes the prayer meeting seemed to be turned into a political meeting. The young people cheered themselves hoarse. They clasped their hands, stamped their feet and applauded to show their appreciation of the religious victory. It was an episode not often seen at a prayer meeting. Some one suggested that a hymn be sung, and "All Hail the Power of Jesus Name," was sung, and the meeting started off in the best spirit.

NICARAGUA CANAL DIRECTORS.

How the Work Will be Carried to Completion.

New York, July 15.—The board of directors of the Nicaragua Canal company held a meeting at the central office of the company, the purpose of which was to devise a plan to raise money with which to prosecute the enterprise. H. C. Taylor, formerly vice president and general manager of the company, has been requested to submit to the finance committee a plan for the guidance of the company, presented a plan, the main features of which are:

First—The company to issue and market $85,000,000 in bonds.

Second—The estimate of the cost of the canal be fixed at $56,000,000 as present prices and methods allow.

Third—The difference between the newly estimated cost and the $85,000,000 of bonds to be used for payment of interest during construction.

Fourth—An active propaganda to be established all over the country as a preliminary to placing the bonds upon the market.

Fifth—Money obtained from the first subscription to be at once employed in active work on the line of the canal.

The statement concludes: "If the amount of the first subscription is satisfactory, the bonds will be offered at 95. If unsatisfactory, at 92. The amount of bonds sold on the second three months should not be less than $10,000,000, nor more than $20,000,000.

JUDGE TOURGEE TO PROSECUTE.

Suit to be Brought Against Miller's Slayers.

Springfield, Ills., July 14.—It is reported here that the National Citizens' Rights association, Judge A. W. Tourgee, president, has interested itself in the case of C. J. Miller, hanged and burned at Bardwell.

Backed by the organization, Mrs. Bertha Miller, widow of the negro, will bring an action for damages against the city marshal and his bondsmen at Syreston, Mo.; the sheriff of Carlisle county, Kentucky, his bondsmen and the members of the posse individually who aided in the capture of Miller; all citizens of Illinois, Missouri and Kentucky who participated in the affair, and the corporation of Bardwell, in which it occurred.

WORLD'S FAIR WILL BE CLOSED ON SUNDAY HEREAFTER.

Definite Action Taken by the Directors on Friday—The Attendance Did Not Warrant Open Gates.

Chicago, July 15.—The World's Fair is to be closed on Sunday, and after July 16 it will not be open to the public on the first day of the week. The admissions of next Sunday have already been donated for the relief of the families of the firemen who lost their lives in the recent fire on the grounds, and but for this fact the Fair would probably have been closed next Sunday.

The vote of the local directory rescinding its former action was overwhelmingly in favor of closing, it standing 24 to 4. When the meeting of the directors was called yesterday, an address advocating Sunday closing, signed by all the leading Chicago clergymen, was read. The close of the address was the signal for a series of speeches, all of them in favor of closing the Fair. Vice President Peck who presided in the absence of President Higinbotham, then read the following resolution, which was at once adopted, and the directors adjourned, apparently well pleased with themselves and their work:

The Closing Resolution.

"Whereas, The board of directors at a regular meeting held May 16, 1893, adopted certain resolutions providing for the opening of the Exposition on Sunday, in response to urgent appeals from persons and organizations representing a large majority of the public as well as the stockholders of the corporation, and also in accordance with a resolution adopted by the city council of the city of Chicago, representing the financial interests of said city in said Exposition to the amount of $5,000,000, and,

"Whereas, This action of the board has been sustained by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, and the right and power of the board of directors to control the physical administration of the Exposition on Sundays, as well as on other days of the week, has been upheld by the final decree of said court, and,

"Whereas, It now appears by the actual admissions that the general public does not, by its attendance, manifest a desire that said Exposition should be kept open each day of the week, and it further appearing that if the Exposition is kept open on Sunday, it will require the attendance of more than 16,000 laboring men and women, the employes of the Exposition, and others, and while the Exposition can give its own employes one day of rest out of each week, it seems impracticable for the exhibitors and others to provide such day of rest for their own clerks and employes, and

"Whereas, It further appears that the number of laboring men and women whose services will be necessarily required to keep the Exposition open on Sundays is disproportionate to the number of visitors on said days, and therefore, the interests of the public are not promoted by keeping the Exposition open on each and every day of the week.

"Now, therefore, be it resolved, all the said resolutions so adopted by this body on May 16, 1893, and the amendments to the rule relative thereto adopted on said day, save and except the prices of admission be, and the same are hereby rescinded, to take effect after the 16th instant."

SMALL ATTENDANCE THE LAST OPEN SUNDAY.

Not More Than Twenty Thousand Dollars to be Added to the Relief Fund for Firemen's Families.

World's Fair, Chicago, 17.—(Special.) Even though it was heroes' day at the Fair, the attendance was much less by far than was expected. The Sunday openers have had all they want of it, and now realize that the sentiment of the country is against them. It was expected that the families of the firemen who perished in the cold storage building would receive from the receipts at the gates at least $50,000. While the exact figures are not known, it is not thought they will be over $20,000.

Small Crowd at Night.

The crowd which the evening was expected to bring out did not materialize, and the gate keepers did not have one kind word to say in favor of Chicago and her guests in their lack of appreciation of the work of the gallant firemen who were burned to death Monday last. The outward appearance of the Fair did not differ in any respect from that of last Sunday, save for the emblems of mourning on the engine houses and the flags at half-mast.

Nearly all of the displays made by foreign exhibitors in manufactures building were draped, while many American exhibits were closed. The building was visited by many people during the day, however, but most of them spent their time sitting upon chairs in the long avenues running through the building and viewing the white canvases which shut out the coveted sights within. Other buildings had the usual Sunday crowds, the greatest number of visitors thronging the art palace, the Krupp gun exhibit and the convent.

The attendance was not large, the warm weather, no doubt, keeping many away from the hall. Prof. Tomlins directed a portion of the Apollo club, which sang the hymns, and Mr. Arthur Meas was at the organ. The platform and pulpit were draped in black. Mr. Mercer took his text from Luks x. 25-26, "And behold a certain lawyer stood up and tempted him, saying: 'Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?' He said unto him: 'What is written in the law? How readest thou?'" The sermon was a good one, having, however, but little mention of the heroes of the recent fire, except at the close, where the speaker eulogized the memory of the dead men and said the occurrence had brought to mind the fact that it was sometimes harder to die than to live. He knew their souls would rest in peace after the terrible ordeal they had passed through to reach the kingdom of heaven.

GEN. EDWARD JARDINE DEAD.

Splendid Military Record Left to His Prosterity.

New York, July 17.—Gen. Edward Jardine, who has been critically ill for some time, died at 1 o'clock Sunday afternoon. The funeral will be held Tuesday morning under the auspices of F. and A. M., at Greenwood cemetery.

Gen. Jardine was 65 years old and was a military man since he was old enough to carry a musket. When the civil war broke out he raised a company at Fort Lee and put them into Hawkin's Zouaves. He went to the front in May 1861 and his first battle was Big Bethel. Afterward he was in command of the landing forces which attacked Fort Clark and Fort Hatteras. He fought at South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Camden, N. C., Roanoke Island, Elizabeth City, Suffolk and in other hard engagements and was several times wounded. He came back from the war a lieutenant colonel in 1863, and when the draft riots broke out here he gathered some of the Seventh regiment war veterans and some members of the Hawkins Zouaves and marched against a mob of 15,000 persons.

HEAD CHIEF OF THE SIOUX DEAD.

Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses Passes Away.

Omaha, July 15.—A Bee special from Pine Ridge agency says: Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, the head chief of the whole Sioux nation, dropped dead at Newcastle, Wyo. By his death without any lineal descendants the mantle of chiefship falls to Little Wound.

Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses was a great friend of the government, as was proven by his actions at the outbreak at the agency in 1878.

Off for Labrador.

St. Johns, N. F., July 15.—The Peary expedition steamship, the Falcon, sailed for Labrador settlements to get dogs, and thence to Greenland. The ship was supplied with coal and other necessaries, and it was expected would reach its destination in four weeks, returning here late in September.

DEATH OF GEN. W. H. ENOCHS.

Sudden Demise of the Well-Known Congressman.

Cincinnati, July 13.—A dispatch from Ironton, O., says: Gen. W. H. Enochs, Congressman from this district, was found dead in bed at 9:30 this morning.

Gen. Enochs was one of the best known of Ohio Congressmen. He had a good war record, was a member of the 52d Congress, and was re-elected last year from the Tenth district, comprising the counties of Lawrence, Adams, Pike, Scioto, Jackson and Gallia. He was a Republican.

Gen. Enochs was born in Noble county, March 29, 1842. He was brought up on a farm and educated in the country schools. He came to Lawrence county in 1857. Taught

GENERAL W. H. ENOCHS.

school a short time. When the war broke out he volunteered first in three months service, then in the three years.

Breveted Brigadier.

In the war he rose from a private to a colonelcy, and at the close, was breveted brigadier-general for gallant services in the field. He was first a member of the 22d Ohio, and then the Fifth West Virginia. In the war, he was a brave, popular officer, and was noted for his skill and courage in whatever daring service was intrusted to him.

When the war closed, he continued the study of law, which he began in camp, and graduated from the Cincinnati law school in 1866. He began the practice in West Virginia, but in a short time he moved to Ironton, where he enjoyed a remunerative practice ever since. In 1870-71, he served in the Ohio Legislature. His law practice of late years was chiefly as attorney of large railroad companies.

Gen. Enochs won his way upward by energy and merit. Socially he was a companionable gentleman. Publicly, he was an enterprising progressive citizen.

MR. CLEVELAND OVERWORKED.

He Has No Organic Trouble and Rest is All That's Needed.

New York, July 14.—The World says it is in a position to present an accurate and complete history of the present physical condition of President Cleveland, as follows: The President feels somewhat the effects of overwork. Since his inauguration Mr. Cleveland has probably endured a greater strain on his vitality than almost any other person in the land. By day he is occupied with the endless round of visitors. At night he has remained at his duties to finish work that should have been finished during the day. This strain has been borne without any breakdown, but the strain has told.

Mr. Cleveland is in fairly good physical health. His weight is but little increased, considering his indisposition to physical exercise.

His Appetite Good.

The gain in his weight has been about seven pounds. The President's appetite has generally been good during the spring and early summer, and he has slept well. Few men can devote as many hours to active brain work and as little rest as Mr. Cleveland. The question is, how long can he continue in this way?

There has been some annoyance from a carious tooth, which has caused the condition of the gum known as alveolar abscess. This is a trifling but painful affection, the pain arising from sympathetic neuralgia of the jaw.

Mr. Cleveland has been subject to rheumatic gout for a number of years. Last summer he had a moderate attack when he arrived at Gray Gables for the season. There has been a recent visitation of the affection, not serious, but annoying and just sufficient enough to necessitate confinement to a room for several days.

Been Worried Considerably.

The President had worried considerably over the financial situation, and has been adverse of calling an extra session of Congress unless compelled to do so by the condition of the business of the country. The necessity for bringing Congress together in August instead of in September, as he had decided, was a disappointment to him.

What Mr. Cleveland requires is rest, and as there is no chronic disease of any of his organs,a few weeks repose up in the healthful, bracing breezes of Buzzard's Bay ought to recuperate him for a continuance of the great labors he will resume on his return to Washington.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

Satisfactory Showing by the World's Fair Auditor.

Chicago, July 15.—Auditor Ackerman, of the World's Fair, presented the financial statement of the Exposition to the board of directors. The statement covers the entireperiod of the Exposition up to June 30. The receipts of the Fair from ticket sales, concessions and other sources since July 1, has been over $1,000,000, and a large reduction in the floating debt has been made since that date.

According to the statement the total gate receipts were $2,121,660.76, including $282,449.51 received prior to May 1. The total expenditures to June 30 were $20,610,160.40. Of this amount $16,456,662.93 is charged to construction.

His estimates, however, put the operating expenses for May at $609,883.87, and receipts at $719,462.71. During June the estimated receipts were $1,660,820.21, and expenses $642,921.27, leaving a balance for the two months of $1,127,417.78. The ratio of receipts to expenses since July 1, while not given in detail, is said to show a very material gain for the Exposition, both in the reduction of operating expenses and increased receipts.

A MOST REMARKABLE CASE.

Triplets Joined by Bands of Flesh Live But a Few Hours.

Nyack, N. Y., July 18.—A Nyack physician reports the death, after seven hours' existence, of triplets, which must be classed with the most remarkable ever born. The mother's name is withheld. The triplets weighed in the aggregate fifteen pounds. There were two boys and a girl.

The boys were joined by a ligature almost precisely like that which united the Siamese twins, and were otherwise perfect. The girl was joined to one of the boys by a band of flesh from the hip of each. When the death of the girl and one boy had occurred an effort was made to save the life of the other child by cutting the ligature, but death ensued.

DEMOCRACY LIKE OLD NERO.

Will Fiddle While the Country is in Peril.

New York, July 13.—Gen. Lew Wallace, soldier, diplomat and author, and intimate friend of ex-President Harrison, smoked a Turkish cigarette in the Gilsey House lobby yesterday as he talked about what he termed the "Do Nothing" policy of the Cleveland administration.

"Nero fiddled while Rome was burning," said he. "Opponents of the Sherman silver act, who say it is responsible for all our troubles, declare that it will be repealed at the special session. I seriously doubt this. It is easy for one to see indications that instead of adopting measures for the relief of the country the Democratic Congress is far more likely to waste the time in settling, or trying to settle, factional quarrels. The Democratic party, or rather the majority of its members of Congress, favor the free coinage of silver. I would not be astonished if the entire special session is consumed in talk."

OFFICIAL PROGRAMME PREPARED FOR THE G. A. R.

Outlook Promising for an Enormous Crowd at Indianapolis—Budget of Late State News.

Indianapolis, Ind., July 17.—(Special. — Commander-in-Chief Weissert, Adjutant General Gray and H. S. Dietrich, of the Council of Administration, representing the National G. A. R., were here Saturday conferring with the local encampment authorities. Commander Weissert said that the veterans all over the Union where he had been were enthusiastic over the outlook of the coming encampment, and that they would probably turn out here in larger numbers than at any previous encampment. A number of details relating to the encampment were discussed and the official programme was drawn up. The programme includes the meeting of the Naval Veterans' association, and is as follows:

Friday, September 1—Reception of the Naval Veterans on the Kearsarge.

Saturday—Parade of the Naval Veterans.

Sunday—The Naval Veterans at divine services.

Monday—Arrival of G. A. R. and escort to quarters. Meeting of the Naval Veterans' association. At night electric and natural gas displays and camp-fires at Tomlinson hall. Governor Matthews's reception to the commander-in-chief and the department officers at the State House.

Tuesday—G. A. R. parade. The parade will be about seven hours in passing a given point. The Naval Veterans and Sons of Veterans will act as guards of honor. Reunions will be held after the parade. At night the W. R. C. will hold a reception at the Tomlinson hall, and a display of fireworks will be held in the eastern part of the city.

Wednesday—National encampment G. A. R. meet at Tomlinson hall. Meetings of the W. R. C., Ladies of the G. A. R., Daughters of Veterans, N. T. C. C. Guards, Army Corps, Division and Brigadier reunions will be held. At night camp-fires and receptions will be held.

Thursday—Meetings and reunions will be continued. At night the war pageantry.

Friday—The sessions of the National bodies will continue. At night the farewell reception will be held.

The commander-in-chief announced that September 9 had been set aside as G. A. R. day at the World's Fair. An effort will be made to have the fair open on the Sunday following. The visitors were driven over the line of march in carriages and left at 4 o'clock.

THE "IMMORTAL J. N." DEAD.

Known to Every Hotel, Railroad and Newspaper Office in the Country—Some of His Characteristics.

The "Immortal J. N." is no more. He has reached the last stage in his journey and has "lifted the veil." The strange character who has sailed through the last quarter of a century under the above soubriquet is too well known to Northwestern Ohio people and the public in general to need any introduction.

For years and years the public has been accustomed to the appearance of a wild-eyed, long-haired individual, with a haunted care-worn look gleaming from his eyes. In conversation during his lucid intervals his language bore the ear-marks of refinement and culture but when attacked by one of his raving spells he was as unintelligible as a new born babe.

"THE IMMORTAL J. N."

He has traveled in every state in the union and never was known to pay a cent of railroad fare, or a hotel bill. He was known as a good natured, well meaning crank, who had enough wheels in his head for an entire generation of men. This was the "Immortal J. N." crazy, intelligent, cranky, but withal of splendid attainments. A strange conglomeration. None stranger have existed during the past century. He was a character, quaint, original and it will be years before his equal will tread upon this mundane sphere.

Was Known Everywhere.

Word comes that "J. N." has been recently drowned in Missouri while fording a swollen stream. There are no particulars but the mere announcement is sufficient. He was known in every town, village, hamlet and township of Ohio, and was well received wherever he went. He came from an excellent family, and in his youth gave promise of a bright manhood. He was a lawyer by profession, but early in life his mind became unbalanced and for many years he has been a wanderer over the face of the earth. It is said that in the early years of his practice he defended a man charged with murder. He made a gallant defense, but threw himself into the case with such zeal tht his mind was overturned by the worry of the trial. His one hallucination concerned an imaginary pressure which he controlled at time and which again controlled him. When he had the "pressure" under control he was happy, but during the periods when the pressure had him he was in great distress, although the world was supposed to be bearing it then. When it became too great for the community J. N. assumed it.

He was a native of Perry county, Ohio, where his family has always stood very highly. He was an uncle of Nellie Free,the well known actress. Col. Free, of New Lexington, Ohio, was his brother.

PROF. SMITH HAS RESIGNED.

Will No Longer Teach Theology at Lane Seminary.

Cincinnati, O., July 12.—(Special.)—Rev. Henry Preserved Smith has severed his connection with Lane Seminary, and yesterday afternoon his resignation was presented and accepted by a vote of 12 to 4.

It is reported that the Columbian liberty bell, recently cast at Troy, N. Y., is to be removed to San Francisco, to be rung September 9 at the celebration of the forty-third anniversary of the admission of California as a state.

What Can Cuticura Do

Everything that is cleansing, purifying, and beautifying for the Skin, Scalp, and Hair of Infants and Children, the CUTICURA REMEDIES will do. They speedily cure itching and burning eczemas, and other painful and disfiguring skin and scalp diseases, cleanse the scalp of scaly humors, and restore the hair. Absolutely pure, agreeable, and unfailing, they appeal to mothers as the best skin purifiers and beautifiers in the world. Parents, think of this, save your children years of mental as well as physical suffering by reason of personal disfigurement added to bodily torture. Cures made in childhood are speedy, permanent, and economical. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

"All about Skin, Scalp, and Hair" free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

ACHING SIDES AND BACK, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains and Weaknesses relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the first and only pain-killing plaster.

HELD FOR HIS CRIMES.

Murdering People in Order to Obtain Life Insurance.

Toledo Daily Blade, July 13.

Dr. Henry Meyer alias Hugo Wayler, alleged murderer, forger and horse thief, has been found. He is now safely behind the bars at Detroit, Mich. His wife and baby are with him. His wife is supposed to be his accomplice in his career of crime since their marriage.

"HUGO WAYLER."

Dr. Meyer graduated from the Chicago Homeopathic Medical college in 1878, and began practice on the North Side. He is a native of Minden, Prussia. His first wife died soon after he began the practice of medicine under circumstances which many believe indicate that she was poisoned. Soon after this he was tried for the murder by poison of a wealthy North Side grocer named Gelderman. He was acquitted, and soon after married Gelderman's widow, who was worth some $30,000. Shortly after the marriage, he was again charged with the murder of his wife's son. On this trial he was also acquitted. Not

MRS. WAYLER AND THE BABY.

long afterward his wife was found to be suffering from a totally wrecked constitution and is still an invalid. She left him and procured a divorce and claims to this day that he attempted her life by poison. A little later, about the year 1888, he met and married his present wife, whose maiden name was Gressen. She was the daughter of a thrifty, elderly German of the North Side, who had accumulated considerable property. It was soon discovered that the old gentleman's name had been forged to a heavy life insurance policy in the Germania company.

Dr. Meyer skipped out to Denver, but was brought back, tried and again acquitted. While in prison he met a man by the name of Ludwig Brandt, the son of a general in the Norwegian army, and of a very respectable family, who was, like himself, charged with forgery. When both had got out of prison, Meyer resumed his practice and employed Brandt as a collector. Brandta also acted as solicitor for one or more life insurance companies. On August 13, 1891, Brandt was insured under the name of Gustav Maria Joseph Baum in the following companies: The Washington Life for $3,000; the New York Life for $1,000; the etna Life for $1,000, and in the Mutual Life for $3,500. In September, 1891, Meyer and his present wife went to Europe ;they came back in December, and on February 11, 1892, Mrs. Meyer was married to Baum, she assuming the name of Emilie Rathier, the name of a niece of Dr. Meyer, in Germany. The ceremony was performed by Rev. F. Werner, 88 Park street, Chicago. About this time Brandt, alias Baum, went to the insurance companies, stated that he was about to be married, and had the policies run to his wife.

Poisoned His Friend.

On February 15, 1892, all three of the parties went to New York, Brandt and Mrs. Meyer appearing as Mr. and Mrs. Baum, and Dr. Meyer under the name of William Reuter, as a boarder with them. The plot seems to have been that Baum was to disappear and a cadaver from some medical college was to be palmed off on the insurance companies as his body. But on March 5, 1892, Baum was taken sick, and Dr. Minden, a bright and thoroughly honest physician, was called in to treat him.

He pronounced it a case of dysentery, but his patient grew rapidly worse, and died on March 30. Before the body was buried, Dr. Meyer and wife, the latter appearing as Baum's widow, collected $3,000 from the Washington Life Insurance company and $1,000 from the New York Life.

Suspicions were first substantiated by their flight from the city, and soon after that the head of the insurance company stopped in Chicago and visited the office of the Pinkertons, who showed him through the rogues' gallery, and he at once recognized Dr. Meyer as the William Reuter he had known in New York as the companion of the Baums.

It was further found that on May 1, 1892, soon after leaving New York, Dr. Meyer had visited the Chicago office cleaned out everything and left for parts unknown. The company then had the body of Baum, alias Brandt, exhumed. A photograph and specimen of his handwriting was sent to Norway and the dead was fully identified as Ludwig Brandt. Dr. Dorenus, the celebrated chemist was employed and made a careful analytical autopsy of the remains, finding unmistakable evidence that the deceased was poisoned.Wayler appeared in Toledo in June, 1892, where he employed a girl named Mary Neiss, and tried to insure her in the Mutual Life Insurance Co., as Mrs. Wayler, but it fell through. Then Mrs.Wayler took Mary Neiss to Detroit and got her insured in the Equitable Life for $5,000. Wayler then went from Toledo to South Bend, Ind., and started a bucket shop. He arranged with his partner to defraud his customers, the plan being for the partner to skip out and Wayler to announce that he had taken the funds.

This the partner did, but before leaving Mary Neiss was taken sick, and he warned her that she was being poisoned. It was doubtless only a well-founded suspicion, but was sufficient to accomplish the purpose, and Mary Neiss escaped from the doctor and his wife. The doctor was imprisoned for one month at South Bend, on account of his crookedness, and on being liberated, about Christmas, went first to Chicago and then to Indianapolis. In the latter city in January, 1893, he hired a girl, and took her to Toledo, where she figured as his wife, and Mrs. Meyer as his sister.

"This girl was stricken and died. The doctor made a demand upon the Equitable company for the $5,000 insurance that had been placed on the life of Mary Neiss, expecting to be able to substitute the unknown girl for her who was fraudulently representing Mrs. Meyer. The Equitable made an investigation, and found that the woman who died in Toledo was not the one insured. The company stopped right there. They did not even inform the police, but one of the two doctors who attended the unknown girl, some time after her death told the police it looked like a case of murder. It was then that the matter became public. On April 5 last Dr. Meyer hired a horse and buggy in Toledo, and, taking his wife, disappeared.

THE NORWEGIAN SHIP REACHES JACKSON PARK.

Met Off Evanston by Mayor Harrison and a Committee—End of a Long Journey.

World's Fair Grounds, July 12.—A gallant fleet, with gay banners flying, and gay, happy souls on board steamed out of Chicago harbor this morning to meet and welcome the viking's ship and crew and escort it and them to the harbor at the World's Fair. In the gallant fleet was the man-of-war Michigan, the coast survey steamer Blake, the pleasure steamer City of Duluth, carrying Mayor Harrison and the city council and half a hundred or more of steam yachts and pleasure craft of various varieties.

Without accident or mishap the fleet sailed north to a point a few miles north of Evanston. Here they sighted the viking ship. The Andrew Johnson fired a salute of 21 guns and the fleet hove to and forming in line on each side of the honored little vessel, started for Jackson park.

Mayor Harrison Boarded It.

When the fleet arrived off Van Buren street pier, Mayor Harrison and the council committee boarded the little Viking ship and Mayor Harrison gave Capt. Anderson and his gallant crew the freedom and hospitality of the city.

In half an hour the journey to the Fair was resumed. Meantime the Michigan had taken up her tow cable, and the Viking, manned with oarsmen whose great muscles made her skim through the water at a wonderfully rapid rate. At the World's Fair hundreds of little electric launches and pleasure boats came out to welcome the sturdy Viking. Cannon boomed, whistles blew, and the thousands of sight seers who had gathered along the shore cheered vigorously.

Director General Davis and a number of World's Fair officials took the captain and crew off the Viking ship and welcomed them to theFair. This was followed by a reception in the administration building, to which the chiefs of departments and other officials were invited.

NOW HEAR CHICAGO CROW.

New York Second in Population, Says the New Directory.

New York, July 13.—The new city directory of New York, just issued, was compiled this year with unusual care to accurately estimate the population of the principal seaport of the United States. This volume, which is the 107th issued, contains 400,000 names, representing an actual population of 1,600,000, as against 540,000 names in the Chicago city directory, representing a population of more than 2,100,000. The basis of representation in New York is one name to every four inhabitants, the same as in Chicago, and the returns made to the publishers of Gotham's directory must be accepted as accurate.

There has been an alarming falling off in the increase of names ordinarily inserted in the city directory since last year. The volume issued a year ago showed about 388,000 names, representing an estimated population of 1,520,000. This estimate was probably correct, and the increase in population since then has been very small—not more than 48,000 at the most. The actual increase in the number of names as shown in the directory just issued is about 12,000 representing about 48,000 inhabitants, which, added to the number shown in last year's directory (388,000, representing 1,552,000 inhabitants), gives New York a population of just 1,600,000.

No Longer the Metropolis.

In the face of this overwhelming evidence of depreciation New York cannot claim to be the metropolis of the country, and her sole claim to distinction lies in the fact that she is its largest seaport. There has been a good deal of criticism of the new directory because it did not make a better showing for New York, but this is most unjust, because the publishers have performed their duty most conscientiously and the result of their work must be accepted in good faith.

HE IS ORGANIZING CAVALRY.

Evidently Expects Some Running Fighting in Kansas.

Topeka, Kas., July 13.—The Populist government of this state took action which indicates its purpose to reorganize the Kansas militia in such a manner that it can be depended upon in the event of a condition of affairs arising similar to that which confronted them at the legislative session last winter, to carry out Populist orders. It will be remembered that the militia refused to obey orders to dislodge the Republican House from Representative hall.

The board of Military Affairs have ordered Adjt. Gen. Artz to disband the four companies of militia in and about Topeka, and to organize in their stead four companies of cavalry. No one has any doubt as to the material which will compose the new cavalry.

IT'S RECEDING FROM THE EARTH

Newly-Discovered Comet Still Visible, However.

Albany, N. Y., July 13.—The comet discovered at Salt Lake City on July 8 is, according to the orbit determined at the Dudley observatory, receding from the earth at a very rapid rate. It is not likely, Prof. Boss says, to be of popular interest, though it will be dimly visible for a week yet.

It is now about 40,000,000 miles from the earth and reaches perihelion July 22.

The German navy department has sent a dispatch to the German China station ordering the war ship Wolf to proceed at once to Bangkok to protect German subjects and interests in the Siamese capital in the event of an outbreak of hostilities between the French and the Siamese.

Money, Crops, Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The improved tone of the money market continues. This is without doubt due to a more promising outlook with reference to the repeal of the silver law of 1890, which hope is already bearing fruit in Europe, as evidenced in lower foreign exchange rates notwithstanding an easier money market here, and in the import of small amounts of gold from various sources with announcements of further moderate engagements. But besides these there are other substantial grounds for a hopeful opinion of the future. One of these is the certainty that the balance of trade on our foreign commerce will be largely in our favor this fall and winter, because of the extensive market for breadstuffs in Great Britain and the continent of Europe which will be caused by crop shortages there—and this without superabundant production in any of the other wheat-growing countries of the world, while our own prospects are good.

Henry Clews, in his weekly circular, refers to another factor in the money situation which probably has not had the attention its importance merits. This is, the concentration of money in Chicago as one cause of scarcity in other centers. He argues that "the tens of thousands who are constantly drifting to the Fair take with them money drawn from the banks in every part of the country; and those streams drain the interior of currency which would otherwise find its way to New York. The amount thus floating in the hands of those visiting the Fair or associated with it may easily run into the millions; and it does not find its way East because it is mainly in the pockets of the public rather than in the vaults of the Chicago banks. This is a condition of things which may possibly continue as the attendance at the Fair increases during the coming months."

Money on call grew perceptibly easier, rarely rising above 6@7 per cent. Time money was in better supply on payment of a commission, and there was some movement in commercial paper at high rates. Money in London continued very low. Sterling exchange in New York was reduced 1 cent from the previous week's closing figures; $968,415 gold came in from London and elsewhere, and $1,225,000 was shipped during the week from England.

The New York stock market was influenced during the early part of last week by a somewhat critical fortnightly settlement in London. On Tuesday and Wednesday, extreme demoralization was created in London and in New York, but on Wednesday afternoon the tide turned. Thursday morning, when the London settlement was known to be progressing without disaster, the short interest both in London and in New York began to cover. This retreat was guarded by vigorous bear raids; but the general market resisted this manipulation, and advanced. Three movements now afford distinct promise of important early relief—the return of currency from the country, the retirement of clearing-house certificates, and the importation of gold. This, with other improvements in the prospect, is making the bears cautious and encouraging the buying of stocks. The indications for an improving market are increasingly good.

The silver market for the week was quiet and steady, with only fractional variations. Some small amounts of silver were taken for export to the far East. Among the reports of the week is one referring to the probable closing of the Japanese mints to silver. The closing price in New York on Saturday was 74 cents per ounce, at which rate the bullion in the standard dollar is worth 57 cents.

WEEKLY CONDITION OF TRADE.

Somewhat Better Tone in Business Last Week.

New York, July 17.—Dun & Co. issue the following concerning the condition of business:

"There is a somewhat better tone in business, because money markets are a little less stringent. But it cannot be said as yet that there is any distinct improvement. In every direction unusual conservatism prevails, orders are relatively small, the volume of business is restricted, and a waiting policy rules.

"The exports of products are light, for two weeks at New York being only $13,812,610 against $15,979,759 last year. In June the exports of breadstuffs, provisions, cotton, oil and cattle amounted to $39,705,961 in value, against $42,792,200 for the same month last year, with noteworthy decrease in quantities of most products, though in wheat and oil the loss in value was due to a fall in prices. Speculative markets have not been active during the past week, though wheat is 1¼ cents higher, corn ¾ of a cent higher, and cotton an eight higher. With small transactions, prices have tended upward as the monetary stringency has relaxed."

STATEMENT OF U. S. TREASURER.

Classified Assets and Demand Liabilities.

Washington, July 18.—The statement of the United States Treasurer showing the classified assets of the treasury and demand liabilities, is as follows:

ASSETS.	
Gold coin and bullion	$189,562,655
Silver dollars and bullion	333,776,911
Silver dollars and bullions, act July 14, 1890	147,581,126
Fractional silver and minor coin	12,687,982
United States notes	25,082,597
United States treasury notes	5,934,133
Gold certificates	125,150
Silver certificates	4,846,297
National bank notes	3,714,284
Deposits with national bank depositories:	
General account	11,727,716
Disbursing officers' balances	3,920,175
Total	$738,959,026
LIABILITIES	
Gold certificates	$ 91,282,479
Silver certificates	332,604,504
United States treasury notes	147,577,280
Currency certificates	8,945,000
Disbursing officers' balances, agency accounts, etc	41,218,051

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE.
Toledo, O., July 18, 1893.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	July 18.	July 11.
U. S. 4s, coupons	111	111
U. S. 4s, registered	111	111
U. S. 2s, registered	97	97
Pacific 6s of 1895	103½	103½

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close This Afternoon.

The declines in the New York and London stock exchanges, failures in the South and West, and sensational rumors of failures, cut a prominent figure in depressing wheat to-day. Another factor was the expected increased movement of wheat in the Southwest. So far as impending failures in the London market were concerned the failures did not materialize, the rumors hinting at disasters had almost as much to do with the decline as the real troubles. The bull element worked the wires in a way that caused the timid to dump their stuff, but the conservative men in the trade were cautious. The exports were good, and the market closed steadier. Trade was active. The Mark Lane Express says rain came too late to help the English crops. The outlook is for 56,460,000 bushels. The area is the smallest for 50 years, and the yield the smallest since 1866.

Corn was fairly steady at the close. July opened at Chicago at 39 1-2c, and closed at 39 5-8c: September, 40 7-8c, 40 3-8c, and finally 40 5-8@40 3-4c. At New York September opened at 49c, and closed at 48 3-4c.

AT THE TOLEDO EXCHANGE.

The Close at Toledo.

Trade was active for future delivery wheat this afternoon. Cash sold fairly well. The market firmed up a trifle at the close. Wheat is now so low that with the present export demand and with a better feeling in finances, it would show an improvement. Corn was dull but steady. Clover seed steadier.

No. 2 soft red wheat 65c, and to close 63 3-4c; it was worth a little more after 'Change; No. 3 soft red, 60 3-4c; No. 3, August, 61 1-2c; rejected No. 1, 60c.

July wheat, 63 3-4c, and afterward 64 1-4c; August, 66 1-4c, 66 3-8c, 64 3-4c, then 65c; September, 68 7-8c, 67 1-2c, and finally 67 3-4c; December, 74 1-4c, 74 1-8c, 74 3-8c, then 74 1-4c.

Prices of wheat to-day:

July.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close
Toledo	63¾	64¼	63¾	64¼
Chicago	63⅝	63⅞	63½	63¾
St. Louis	59¾	59⅝	58	58
September—				
Toledo	68⅞	68¾	67½	67¾
Chicago	68¼	68⅜	66⅞	67¼
New York	74¾	74⅞	74	74
St. Louis	64⅛	64¼	62¾	63⅛

Corn—No. 2, 41 1-2c; No. 3, 41c; No. 4, 34c; No. 3 yellow, 41 3-4c.

Oats—No. 2, 31 1-2c.

Rye—No. 2, about 52c; No. 3, 45c, Lake Shore.

Clover seed—Prime, October, $6.75@6.80, outside last paid; alsyke, August, $6.75.

C. A. King & Co. report street prices: No. 2 soft red wheat, 61c; white wheat, 59c; corn, 41@42c; oats, 30@34c; rye, 45c.

Toledo Produce Market.

The trade was fair. In most things prices held at yesterday's quotations. Cucumbers are declining. Small fruits more plentiful. Beans a little scarce.

Butter—Dairy, 15@16c; creamery, 20@22c; fair quality, 14c.

Eggs—To-day's receipts, 15c.

Vegetables—Corn, green, ears, per doz. 12½@15c; to-matoes, 4-basket crate, $1.20; cabbages, doz, 25@50c; onions dry, bu, $1@1.25; onions, doz, bunches, 8@10c; radishes, doz bunches, 8@10c; beets, doz, 12½c; peas, bu, 50c; beans string, bu, 60c; cauliflower, doz, 75c@$1.50; lettuce, lb, 3 cents.

Fresh Fish—(Retail)—Fresh cod, lb, 10@12½c; roe shad, each, 75c; buck shad, 60c each; pompano, lb, 25c; black bass, lb, 15c; pickerel, lb, 10c; red snappers, lb, 12½c; trout 10c; lobsters, each, 20c; striped bass, lb, 25c; herring, lb, 6c; smelts, lb, 12½c; white fish, lb, 12½c; Kennebec river salmon, lb, 15c; oysters, New York counts, can, 50c.

Dressed Meats—Mutton, 7@8c; lambs, 8½@9c; calves, 8½c per lb; hogs, $8 per 100 lbs.

Fruits—Red currants, bu, $3; black, $4; raspberries, bu, $3, red and black; cherries, bu, $3.75@4; watermelons, each, 15@25c; apples, bbl, $3.75; huckleberries, bu; $3.25@3.75; lemons, box, $4.50; oranges, box, $3.75@4; gooseberries, bu, $3@3.25.

Poultry—Chickens, dressed, 11c.

Salt Meats—Heavy mess pork, bbl, $20; light mess, $21; clear mess, $22. Hams, lb, 14c; shoulders, 12½c; bacon, 14c; bologna, lb, 6c.

Lard—Kettle-rendered, barrels, half-barrels and tierces, per lb, 13c.

Wool—Tub-washed, 20@22c; washed, 15@20c; unwashed, 10@15c.

Hay—Best baled timothy, car lots, $13.50; mixed hay, $10@12; straw, $6; loose hay from wagons, $12@15.

Hides—Green hides, 3c; heavy steers, 4c; damaged and bulls, 2½c; calf skins, 5c; kip, 4c; cured hides, 3½@3¾c; heavy steers, 5@5½c; damaged and bulls, 3c; calf skins, 6c; kip, 4½c; tallow, 4@4½c.

Grain and Produce.

Buffalo, July 18.—Spring wheat steady; No. 1 hard, 74c; No. 1 Northern 68c; No. 2 do, 64½c. Winter wheat is easier; No. 2 red, 69½c; No. 1 white, 67½c asked.

Chicago, July 18.—11:25 a. m.—Wheat—July, 63⅝c; September, 66¾@66⅞c; May, 73⅝c. Corn—July 39⅝c; September, 40½c; May, 39 c. Oats—July, 28½c; September, 24¾c; May, 28⅝c. Pork—September, $19.20. Lard—September, $9.77½; October, $9. Ribs—September, $7.95.

Chicago, July 18.—Close—Wheat is easy; cash, 63⅜c; August, 63⅞c; September, 67⅛c. Corn lower; cash, 39⅛c; Aug., 39⅝c; September, 40⅝@40⅜c. Oats steady; cash, 28¼c; September, 25c. Pork steady; cash, $18.75; September, $19.50. Lard is steady; cash, $9.35; September, $9.75; October, $9. Short ribs steady; cash, $7.85; September, $8.75. Rye dull at 50c; barley nominal; flax seed firm at $1.10½; prime timothy seed firm at $4.15@4.20 per cwt. Butter and eggs are steady. Whisky, $1.12.

New York, July 18.—Flour, dull and weak. Wheat—Receipts, 96,000 bu; sales, 1,955,000 bu; No. 2 red, weak but fairly active; July, 71c; September, 73⅝@74⅝c; December, 80⅝@81⅝c. Rye, quiet but steady; western, 57@57½c. Corn—Receipts, 85,000 bu; sales, 85,000 bu; No. 2, dull but weaker; August, 48⅜@48⅝c; September, 48⅝@48⅝c; No. 2, 48⅞@49⅛c. Oats—Receipts, 31,500 bu; sales, 8,000 bu; No. 2, dull and weaker; August, 32⅝@32⅞c; September, 31@31½c; western, 37@46c. Beef, light demand,unchanged; extra mess, $7.50@8. Pork, inactive but steady; new mess, $18.50@19. Lard, quiet and weak; steam rendered, $9.90. Butter—Receipts, 17,000 packages; market, quiet but steady; western dairy, 15½@18c; western creamery, 17@22c. Cheese, firm and moderately active at 7½c. Eggs, quiet and easy; western, 14@15c. Sugar, dull but steady; crushed, 5⅝c; granulated, 5 7-16c. Petroleum, dull but steady at $5.10@5.15. Spirits of turpentine, dull and easy at 27@28c. Molasses, quiet but steady at 30@38c. Freights, dull but steady. Resin, $1.05@1.12½. Tallow, quiet but steady at 5c. Hops, unchanged; Pacific coast, 19@21½c. Coffee—Rio, quiet but steady; No. 7 on spot at 17½c.

Live Stock.

Cleveland, July 18.—(Special.)—Cattle market dull and offerings mostly all sold; choice 1,100 to 1,300 pound average steers, $3.75@4.25; veal calves, $5@6. Receipts of hogs, 6 cars; shipments, 300 head; the market is steady to firm; good mixed, $6.10@6.15. Receipts of sheep and lambs, 4 cars; market very dull; little doing.

Buffalo, July 18.—Receipts of cattle, 29 cars through and 25 on sale, including 23 cars held over; market very dull and slow; good steers, $3.75@3.80; good feeders, $3.25@3.30. Receipts of hogs, 16 cars through and 20 on sale; mostly held over; market very dull and 5c lower; good mediums and packers, $6.15@6.25; pigs, $6.25@6.30. Receipts of sheep and lambs, 6 cars through and 12 on sale; market dull, and no demand from Eastern buyers; a few sales of fair to good mixed sheep at $3.50@4.25.

Kansas City Mo, July 17.—Cattle market slow and 10@15c lower; Texas steers, $2.25@4.30; Texas cows, $1.80@2.50; shipping steers, $4.20@5.20; native cows, $1.25@3.50; butchers' stock, $3@4.35; stockers and feeders, $2.20@3.70; bulls and mixed, $2@3.15. Hogs—Market 5@10c lower; bulk, $4.25@5.25; heavy, $5.35@5.55; packers, $4.50@4.60; mixed, $5.40@5.65; light, $5.55@5.72½; Yorkers, $5.60@5.72½; pigs, $5.40@5.72½. Sheep—Market slow and dull; good sheep 25c lower; common feeders almost unsalable.

Chicago, July 18.—The Evening Journal reports: Receipts of cattle, 6,000 head, of which 4,000 were Texans; butchers' stock steady; canning grades and Texans 10c lower; native steers neglected; over 7,000 head of accumulated stock unsold; extra fancy, $4.75@5.10; choice, $4.50@4.60; good, $4.10@4.40; medium, $3.75@4; common, $3@3.60; Texans $2@3; stockers, $1.75@2.85. Receipts of hogs, 11,000 head; market opened strong, ruled weak and heavy, closing 10c lower; mixed and packers, $5.70@5.85; prime heavy and butcher weights, $5.85@6; light mixed, $5.90@6; assorted light, $6.10@6.20. Receipts of sheep and lambs, 7,000 head; market active and strong; natives, $3.75@4.75; Westerns, $4@4.15; Texans, $3.35@3.40; feeders, $2.50@3; lambs, $3.50@5.25.

The British Grain Trade.

London, July 17.—The Mark Lane Express, in its weekly review of the British grain trade, says: The wheat harvest is well forward in Southeast England. The recent rains came too late to help any cereals there, but they saved the oats and benefited barley elsewhere. Some excellent judges estimate that the yield of wheat will be 28 bushels per acre, on 2,000,000 acres. Our estimate for the United Kingdom was 2,100,000 acres, the smallest acreage planted for half a century, with an average yield that will possibly be nearly as low as that of 1886; namely, 2,680 bushels to the hundred acres. English wheat has declined 1d on the imperial average, but has advanced 6d in London. In 40 first-class markets the tone last week was firm, and in 20 dull. Foreign wheat was of irregular value. American red winter was from 6d to 9d dearer on the week. Calcutta wheat was sixpence cheaper.

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

Close of the Stock Market at New York This Afternoon.

2:15 p. m.—The tendency of stocks is still downward. Prices after 1 o'clock were lower than ever. Louisville & Nashville falling to 51⅛, St. Paul to 53¾, Sugar to 76⅛, Chicago Gas to 57¾, Rock Island to 61¾, Manhattan to 134⅛, Missouri Pacific to 27½, Lead to 68¾, General Electric to 56⅝, Northern Pacific (preferred) to 26, Union Pacific to 19⅛. Probably the worst feature of the situation is the inability of the market to rally from the occasional attacks.

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close
A. C. O.	30	30	29	29
Atch	18⅛	18⅛	17⅜	17½
A. S. R.	79¼	79⅛	75¾	75½
C. S.	46	46	43⅜	43⅜
C. G. T.	61	61¼	53¾	53¾
C. B. Q.	79¼	79¼	75¾	76
C. C. C.	37½	37½	34¼	34¼
D. L. & W.	141	141⅜	139¼	139½
Erie	13	13	11⅞	11½
J. C.	98	98	97	97
L. S.	115¼	115¼	113	113¼
L. & N.	54⅜	54⅜	50¾	51
Lead	28	28	24	25
M. P.	28	28¼	25	25¼
N. A.	6⅞	6⅞	6¼	6¼
N. E.	22	22	20¼	20¼
N. Y. C.	99	99⅜	95	95
N. P. pfd.	27	27	24½	25
N. W.	98¼	98¼	95⅜	95¾
O. M.	35¼	35¼	34⅛	34⅛
P. M.	12½	12½	9¾	12½
R. G.	14¼	14¼	13	13¼
R. I.	63	63¼	60⅜	60⅜
Silver	72			72
St. Paul	57⅜	57⅜	53⅛	53⅝
U. P.	19⅜	19⅜	19	19
Wabash pfd	14⅛	14⅛	14	14
W. U.	77	77⅜	75⅛	75⅛
G. E.	61	61	54⅛	57⅝
D. C. F.	22⅛	23⅛	22⅛	23
T. C. I.	12⅞	12⅞	12	12
Man	119	119	114	114

Trade.

Trade generally the past week was not so active as during the previous week. Collections a little slow.

Cotton Markets.

Cincinnati July 17.—Cotton quiet and firm; middling, 8¼c.

Galveston, July 17.—Cotton quiet; middling, 7⅝c; low middling, 7 1-16c; good ordinary, 6 11-16c.

New Orleans, July 17.—Cotton is firm; good middling, 8¼c; middling, 7⅞c; low middling, 7⅝c; good ordinary, 7 1-16c. Cotton futures easy; sales, 16,700 bales; July, 7.68 bid; August, 7.63@7.64; September, 7.73@7.74; October, 7.83@7.84; November, 7.92@7.93; December, 8.02@8.03; January, 8.10@8.18; February, 8.24@8.26; March, 8.31@8.33.

Memphis, July 17.—Cotton steady; middling, 7 9-16c.

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